SATURDAY NIGHT

JULY 5, 1952 10 CENTS

BACK-ROOM MINISTER

by Michael Barkway

NO MEMBER of the present Government as influential as Walter Harris is as little known to the Canadian public. His own department, Citizenship and Immigration, has been kept out of the news to an extent which some other ministers must envy; and his biggest influence on Government policy is behind the scenes. But if he is a back-room minister now, he is also a dark horse for the next leadership convention of the Liberal party. In the inner councils, both within and without the Cabinet, a good many practical politicians would like to see him Liberal leader. This company probably includes Harris; it excludes J. G. Gardiner.

Harris is a junior member of the Cabinet holding a junior portfolio. Yet he is one of the half-dozen most important ministers, and his colleagues in the House of Commons know it. He is one of the ministers who has easy access to St. Laurent and is consulted on a wide range of subjects. His association with St. Laurent started in 1947 when Mackenzie King appointed him to be parliamentary assistant to the Secretary of State for External Affairs. It was one of Mackenzie King's good appointments. The two men hit it off, and St. Laurent kept Harris as parliamentary assistant when he became Prime Minister.

Harris is a Baptist from old Ontario. St. Laurent is a Roman Catholic from the Eastern Townships, but their outlook on life and politics is at bottom very much alike. Both have a genius for accepting facts as they are and trying to make the best of them. Both have reformist tendencies which they keep strictly subordinate to political possibilities. Both have an ability to say: "This course is right. This is the course to take, whatever people think of it." But Harris has more of the Mackenzie King flexibility than St. Laurent. Before Harris says, "This is the course to take," he is apt to have a very shrewd idea what the Canadian people will think about it.

HE IS a full-time politician by choice, as neither St. Laurent, Pearson nor Abbott is. Both Pearson and Abbot know it, and both value his support. He has made himself the most knowledgeable minister in the House (with the possible exception of Brooke Claxton) about parliamentary procedure. He was the Government's man in charge of redistribution of parliamentary seats, but he has no love of political horse-trading and he is fully persuaded—in June, 1952, anyway—that this job must be taken out of the hands of interested members into an impartial commission. He is (with the possible exception of Paul Martin) the most

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PEOPLE OF THE PRAIRIES
by Arthur Lower

HOW TO BEAT BURGLARS
by Hal Tracey

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THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established 1887

Vol. 67 No. 39 Whole No. 3087

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COVER: Walter Harris *Photo by Bill Olson, Capital Press Service*

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

ON JULY 12th "King Billy" will fare forth once again on his white horse to lead the annual parade of the Orange Order. But it won't be the same as in the old days, when the order was a political power to be reckoned with, says Editor R. A. FARQUHARSON . . . A distinguished Canadian airman, Air Commodore C. L. ANNIS, gives his reasons for believing that a real air defence against strategic air attack is possible . . . Professor A. R. M. LOWER presents his summing up, in the last of three articles, on the absorbing question of whether Canadians form a distinctive class . . . Canadian churches are concerned about the shortage of ordained ministers, of which there are too few to meet today's challenge, says HAL TRACEY . . . Rt. Hon. MALCOLM MACDONALD discusses a new book on China by Han Suyin, "The Many Splendoured Thing" . . . MICHAEL BARKWAY assesses the role of foreign capital in Canadian development . . . ROBERT WILLETT reports on Mark Robson, a Canadian who has made a name for himself as a Hollywood director . . . Food editor MARJORIE THOMPSON FLINT gives some hints on summer food preparation . . . Cartoonist AL CAPP tells how a small minority of advertisers control most of U.S. TV network time.

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Published and printed by
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
Birks Building, Montreal, Canada
Editorial and Advertising Offices
73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada
M. R. Sutton, President; George Collington, General Manager; E. R. Milling, Vice-President; D. W. Turnbull, C.A., Secretary-treasurer.
John F. Foy ..... Director of Circulation
E. M. Pritchard ..... Director of Production
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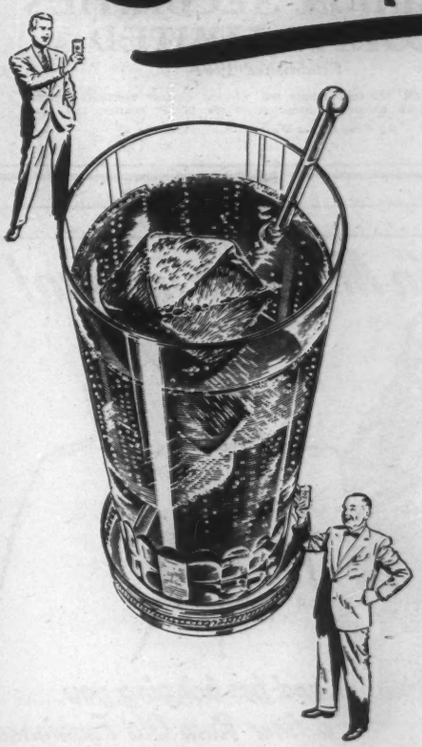

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OTTAWA VIEW

ALEXANDER'S CHEERFUL REPORT

by Michael Barkway

THIS CAPITAL, which is always a little reluctant to give its attention to the Far East, has had a real dose of it. Lord Alexander's stop-over on his return from Korea and Japan was followed by the visit of R. G. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, whose main concern was a review of defensive arrangements in the Pacific.

Lord Alexander's visit was wholly bracing. He spent less than three days in Ottawa, and only one of them was really devoted to official talks. But he was in terrific form, fit and bronzed, and bubbling over with humor and optimism. The feeling that he was back home again, which he expressed more than once, was evident all the time. It would have been good for high-placed Canadians—ministers, chiefs of staff and civil servants—just to have him here. But the main thing was that he brought such a cheerful report from Korea.

He made his trip with other astute political observers, like Selwyn Lloyd, who is Eden's right-hand man at the Foreign Office, and old Far Eastern experts like Rob Scott of the Foreign Office. They all agreed in their account of how well the Americans are running the UN campaign in Korea.

This emphatically includes the American General Harrison, who now heads the truce team at Panmunjon. They found him patient, resolutely determined to treat the Communists with courtesy, and wholeheartedly sincere in trying to get an armistice. Moreover, they found the Headquarters of the Supreme Commander in Tokyo to be flexible in its approach to the negotiations and eagerly seeking helpful ideas.

THE regrettable thing—but it is the fact—is that his cheerful report on the American-run UN Command should have been so much of a surprise as it was—certainly in Ottawa and probably in London. It shouldn't have taken Lord Alexander's personal inspection to restore confidence; and now that he has turned this trick, the UN countries concerned must find ways of preserving the confidence on which allied solidarity depends. If this means more tact and a fuller exchange of information on Washington's part, it also demands a less ready suspicion on the part of other countries.

This new understanding, and the hope of a confident common approach to the Korean problem, depends on an acceptance of the situation as it is; it doesn't involve a whitewashing of everything that was done in the past. The screening of prisoners has been done and publicized; the Koje riots happened. We've got to go on from there. But the overwhelming impression of the British (though some Canadians are a little more sceptical about it) is that the deadlock can be resolved from there.

—Miller

PRIME MINISTER R. G. MENZIES

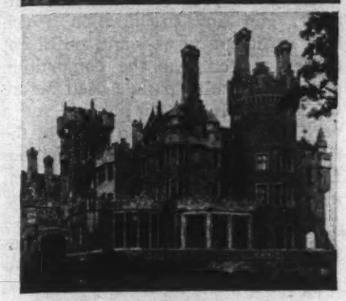
If the screening was not as good as some Americans have claimed, Lord Alexander also found that it was not as bad as some critics contended. It was the best in the case of the minority of the prisoners who are Chinese. There were Chinese-speaking Americans who could question them. It was middling good for lots of Koreans who could be questioned individually, though through South Korean interpreters. It was virtually nonexistent in the case of about 45,000 Koreans assembled in huge compounds who couldn't be questioned individually at all.

The British mission arrived here believing that the Chinese leaders do definitely want an armistice. There can't be proof of this, obviously. But all the military evidence is that they are exclusively concerned with defensive precautions; and the political evidence is that the Russians are exacting a very adequate *quid pro quo* for all the material and technical assistance which China must have so long as the Korean war lasts.

If the UN remains patient, some hopes are felt that the Communists may themselves move to break the present deadlock. If they don't—and this is really the greatest source of encouragement — the Americans as well as the British and Canadians are ready to use their own diplomatic resources to help to find a way out which the Chinese can accept. Diplomacy is coming into its rightful role again; though for very good reasons the first moves may not be made at Panmunjon, and one hopes that they won't be jeopardized by publicity. Publicity of the wrong kind has already done enough harm.

TO SAY that the Chinese probably want an armistice is not the same thing as saying that they want a full political settlement in the Far East.

Which Scene is in Canada?



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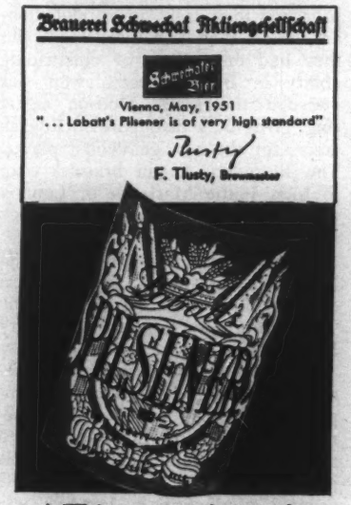

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And it was the broader questions of security in the Pacific that Menzies was mostly concerned with. Australia and New Zealand naturally feel a bit isolated. They feel now, as they often felt during the war, that they are left out of the global planning. They have only bilateral security agreements with the United States. The Commonwealth voice, they are apt to feel, makes itself felt mainly through NATO, and they aren't in it. It's a real problem, and the Canadian Government is sympathetic. But it's apt to be a rather passive sympathy. NATO is not concerned with global planning: neither is Canada except in a very limited and incidental way.

The Canadian Government was really more interested in finding out from Menzies what he means to do about his import restrictions and other measures to bring Australia into financial balance. For once it was not chiefly concerned to get relaxations for the benefit of Canadian exports: ministers were more interested in seeing Australia maintain her restrictions not only against us but against sterling countries. Mr. Menzies confirmed, to Ottawa's considerable relief, that the import restrictions against sterling area goods would not be changed as a policy until Australia was in better overall balance. Such modifications as he agreed to in London were to meet a few special grievances, not to change the overall policy agreed at the Comonwealth finance ministers' meeting in January.

IN THE FACE of it, it is very strange that the great increase in Canadian exports in the early part of this year should have been going to the sterling countries which are meant to be saving dollars. But it is so. Until the end of April our exports to the U.S. were up by only two per cent over last year. Our exports to the sterling area (including the U.K.) were up by more than 40 per cent.

Obviously sterling countries are not buying anything they can do without. The main reason for the increase in their purchases from us is that increased Canadian production of base metals and similar essential raw materials makes more available for them. And some care has been taken to let them have the largest share of the increased production.

The trade picture is so confused with special situations and national restrictions that it is difficult to pick out much pattern. But it is useful to look at our trade in the first four months of this year in terms of volume and price, as well as value. Canadian exports were up by 20 per cent in value over last year. About 15 per cent of that was a real increase in physical volume. Average price was up about five per cent. Canadian imports were down by seven per cent in value. But the physical volume of imports dropped by only a little more than one per cent. The price drop was something over five per cent.

Both export and import prices are moving down month by month, but the fall in import prices has been much sharper. Part of this is due to the appreciation of the Canadian dollar, which tends to reduce the price of both imports and most exports.

Mid-Year Review

Our June "Review and Securities List" contains comments on current Canadian business activity and some of the factors affecting business trends. Included is a chart graphically illustrating the course of Government of Canada and Provincial bond yields since 1948.

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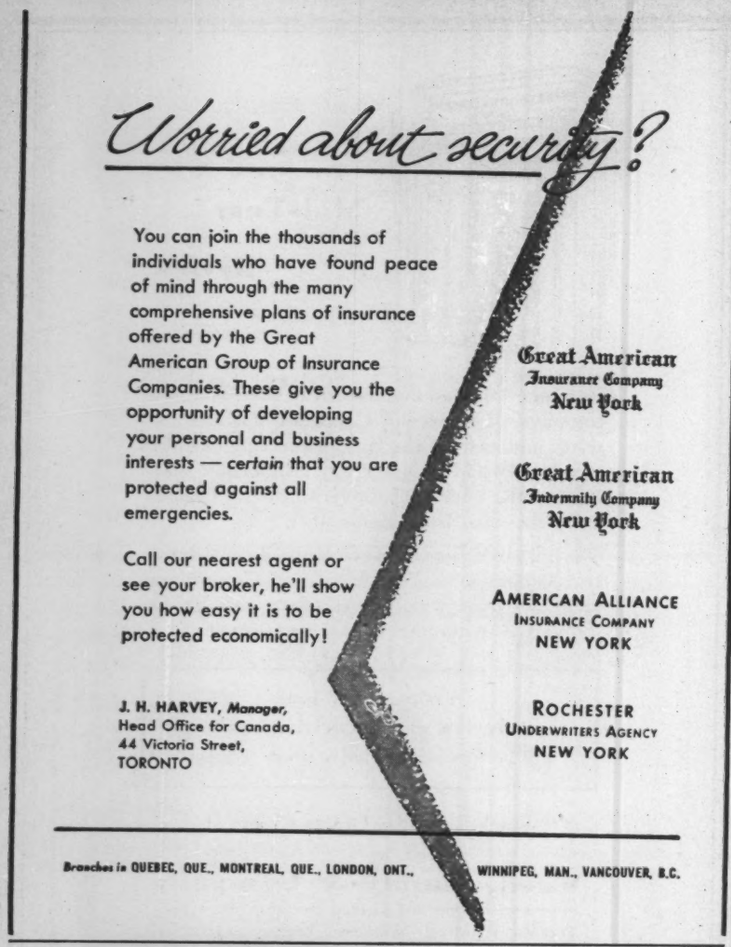
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EARLY FESTIVALS

HARD ON JUDGES AND AUDIENCE

by B. K. Sandwell

JUST for the record I want to set down the historic fact that national dramatic festivals in Canada did not begin with Lord Bessborough. There is in existence somewhere, I presume, the Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Trophy, an interesting piece of modelling "designed and executed by Mr. Louis Philippe Hébert, CMG, from suggestions of His Excellency Earl Grey", and displaying a man and woman, respectively representing music and drama, with a fence between them to suggest that these arts "each have their own territories", but both figures have one foot on the lowest rail to suggest that they are continually crossing into each other's territory.

This trophy was awarded at least five times, for I have a booklet, presented to me "With Lord Grey's compliments", which records the results of the competitions of 1907-11; and I have a vague recollection that the event continued for a year or two more, and that my old friend and colleague, S. Morgan Powell, still active in the *Montreal Star*, was a drama judge on one of these subsequent occasions. The booklet came to me because I was one of the three judges, all Canadians, of the 1910 dramatic section, the others being Hector Charlesworth and Ernest Beaufort (of Edmonton).

Earl Grey was entitled to a great deal of credit for his action in instituting these competitions and offering the two trophies, one for drama and one for music, but the combination of these very disparate arts proved difficult to work. The first two competitions were held at Ottawa, but as always happens it soon became evident that a national institution of that kind in Canada has to move around the country, and the next three were at Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. Toronto won the drama trophy twice in those five years, and Winnipeg, Ottawa and Edmonton once each.

THE BOOKLET contains the reports of the judges on each of the entries judged, and there is a tremendous difference between the devastating criticisms of some of the poorer performances, which are here preserved for posterity, and the somewhat qualified and kindly reservations which are habitually made by judges of the Dominion Drama Festival in the remarks which they now deliver before the players themselves at the end of each evening. "This production was so bad as to be hardly worth the courtesy of a criticism"; "It could hardly be described as a play at all, and bore every evidence of having been thrown together without due consideration of what actually constitutes a drama"; "A good quality of English pronunciation . . . was not provided by a single player!"; "For lack of stage setting with the necessary exits and entrances, it was quite impossible to follow the thread of the plot, if there really was a plot."

The ruthlessness of these criticisms was of course provoked by the fact that there was at that time no regional weeding-out process before the "finals", and any organization which had sufficient nerve—and sufficient money to get it to the competition city—was free to parade itself before the judges. It is still possible for a very poor production to get into the finals, but only when its region has failed to bring forth anything better, and that is becoming a rare calamity.

ONE dramatic entry and one musical one were presented each evening for a week. In 1910, when I was a judge, no one entry taken as a whole was brilliant, and the judges felt compelled to record that their markings indicated that the contestants were below the average. The Dickens Fellowship received 43 marks out of 50, and the next competitor was the Margaret Eaton School with 34. The latter presented two Yeats plays without having had the advantage of studying the Dublin method of presentation, and consequently approached their task "in an elocutionary rather than a natural way", but they had one player of outstanding ability in Basil Morgan, who was awarded the J. E. Dodson signet ring, given by a distinguished English actor, for the best gentleman player. The Margaret Anglin bracelet went to Miss Pattie Maclaren of London for her work in Maugham's "Jack Straw".

I note from the booklet that Messrs. Charlesworth and Beaufort and myself concurred in reporting that Arthur Law's farce "A Country Mouse" was one of a class of plays "which should not under any circumstances be staged by amateur companies containing young and inexperienced girls", and that we rejoiced that "the objectionable last act of this play, which was condemned on its original production in London, was omitted". (It was performed by a Toronto company.) I cannot remember being greatly distressed by the possible effect of this piece on the young ladies who performed in it, but I did think it vulgar and therefore unsuitable for performance by people who would probably not be able to obscure the vulgarity by highly dexterous playing.

In spite of the long hiatus which intervened between the Earl Grey Trophy competitions and the Dominion Drama Festivals, there is no doubt that it was Earl Grey who started the practice of a Canada-wide competition for amateur stage players, and the contribution that he made to the progress of the dramatic art in Canada should not be forgotten.

PARACHUTE HEROES

"WHITE RABBIT" & CANADIANS

by John Yocom

THERE is tragic reference to two brave Canadians in the latest account of French resistance in World War II. It is tragic and disturbing. In "The White Rabbit" (British Book Service) novelist Bruce Marshall tells the story of Wing Commander Yeo-Thomas: the amazing Briton who parachuted into France, organized the underground, was captured by the Nazis and subjected to their special brand of torture. Later in a convoy with other captured parachutists, Yeo-Thomas met two Canadians — Capt. Pickersgill and Lieut. Macalister. The convoy was headed for the execution camp at Buchenwald.

Yeo-Thomas admired the fortitude of our boys and was deeply distressed when they were executed on Sept. 12, 1944. But in "The White Rabbit" there is a disturbing reference to "their lack of French". At first the British operator thought they had been left behind after the Dieppe raid. "He found to his horror," reports Bruce Marshall, "that the two Canadians had indeed been parachuted into France as agents in spite of their almost total ignorance of the language."

THE COMMENT disturbed us so much that we looked up "The "Pickersgill Letters" (Ryerson, 1948) for clues. It is a charming and revealing collection of letters that the young, open-shirted intellectual wrote relatives and friends from 1934 to 1943. A brilliant graduate of the University of Manitoba, Pickersgill won his M.A. from the University of Toronto in 1938. Literature, philosophy and history were his main drives but languages also appealed. His early and enduring friendship with Mlle. Céline Ballu of Manitoba's French Department may have initiated his love for France. In summer 1934 he took a gay cycling trip over there with a fellow student. "Our French turns out to be tolerably good," he proudly wrote home. "It was great fun talking to the people and telling them all about Canada and how the French there talked differently from the French."

When Pickersgill was back in Paris in 1938 for postgraduate study, "Frank's preliminary objective was to improve his French," the editor of the Letters reports. Afraid he would talk English if he remained at Maison Canadienne, Frank Pickersgill made almost all his friends among a group of French students; he was determined to steep himself in the life of the country. European friends praised both his spoken French and his thorough understanding of French *esprit*. Wrote one: "He spoke marvellously—and even French slang, almost without a trace of accent." Pickersgill's own characteristically direct comment was: "The only way to learn the bloody language is to talk yourself blue in the face to anyone who will put up with you." Nine months later, among the hours of a full schedule, he found time to undertake an English translation of a Jean-Paul Sartre novel, and—as evidence of his language proficiency — at the author's own wish!

But Pickersgill was his own sharp critic, frankly noting in August, 1939, a month before war broke out, when he was in Poland: "I find my French is getting rusty. I can still fool Poles but not Frenchmen, which I could do the last month or so in Paris. It appears that I have *'le don des langues'* but also the *'don'* for forgetting them.

Sorting out the political puzzle of the phoney war, Pickersgill stayed on in Europe as a free-lance journalist after war broke out. He was arrested by the Germans in July, 1940. He was interned until March, 1942, when he managed to escape from a camp outside Paris and reached Unoccupied France.

For part of the next six months he was marking time at the U.S. consulate in Lyons, impatiently awaiting an opportunity to get to England through Portugal. Pickersgill was then working on translation of news bulletins for private circulation among French friends. An American vice-consul noted, "he not only spoke but wrote beautiful, accurate French."

BACK in England he joined the Canadian Army Intelligence Corps in November, 1942. He was trained by the British as a highly secret operator to land in occupied Europe by parachute, to establish liaison with resistance groups for purposes of sabotage and when possible to pass information. On the night of June 16, 1943, with his wireless operator Lieut. John Kenneth Macalister, a former Rhodes scholar from Guelph, Ont., Pickersgill parachuted into France. They landed near Blois and were captured by the Germans soon after.

Canadians can be proud of the bravery of Pickersgill and Macalister, as proud as the British and French are of that of Yeo-Thomas, whose briefings came from Churchill himself and who was awarded the George Cross for his work. But the White Rabbit's comment about our boys' French *is* puzzling.

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EDITORIALS

Own Seaway Brings New Independence

DECISION of the United States Senate in once again deferring action on the St. Lawrence Seaway, caused more satisfaction than regret in Canada. No matter how sound the reasons were for partnership in this great undertaking, Canadians, weary of the long delays, are looking forward to the prospect of doing the job alone.

It was nice of Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* to suggest that the British should get in on the job instead of the Americans. But we think better not. As an investment for scarce dollars it would be unrewarding, and it would bring the British no advantage in the way of cheaper tolls or special shipping concessions. Those must be absolutely fair as between all nations: not even Canadian ships can expect any special terms.

But the tolls and regulations to be imposed equally on the ships of all nations will now be solely in Canadian hands. If we do the job alone, we have the control alone. This may spare us any amount of trouble in the years ahead. If U.S. pressure groups can interdict U.S. participation in the scheme, it may be judged what they would try to do if the American Government had any voice in the regulation of the canals. The Canadian Government may or may not be more virtuous in resisting pressure-groups: it depends largely on which department the pressure falls. But the American pressure-groups don't vote in Canada; so even the most vote-conscious of Canadian ministers will be under less temptation than Washington would be.

Canadians have never before had the opportunity to ignore the United States and nationalize an international undertaking. The challenge of the U.S. Senate has been accepted jubilantly.

The Seaway may become the symbol of a new independence in Canada—independence from the United States.

Triumphant Dick Tracy

THE *Victoria Times* had what seems to us a most happy idea when it decided to educate its readers in the mysteries of the alternative voting system by conducting an election under that system for the high position of Most Popular of the paper's six leading comic strips. The result was an exact parallel of what happened immediately afterwards in a large number of British Columbia constituencies, and the *Times* readers must have been better prepared for that event than any other section of the population.

Orphan Annie led the field by a large excess vote in the first count; but the first count has very little significance for the long pull, as subsequent developments showed. She was trailed in that count by Major Hoople, second, and Dick Tracy, third. But when the 40 votes of Blade Winters, the lowest candidate, were distributed to the designated second choices of his supporters, 12 of them went to Hopalong Cassidy and 11 to Dick Tracy, and only 5 to Orphan Annie and 4 to Hoople.

Kerry Drake was then thrown out, and no less than 29 of his votes went to Dick Tracy (they obviously belong to the same political party in Comic Stripland, and should never have run against one another). Dick Tracy kept piling up far more second and third and fourth choices as other candidates were eliminated, but even so no final decision was reached until there were only he and Annie left, by which time he had risen from 123 to 317, and Annie only from 172 to 291. Some of Major Hoople's supporters got tired before getting down to a fifth choice, and out of his 172 votes on the fourth count there were only 164 to distribute between Tracy and Annie—which is just about what would happen in a political election.

Two-Ring Circus

We feel that there is no doubt about Dick Tracy being the real choice of the Victoria electorate, which would have been grossly misrepresented had Orphan Annie been sent to the Legislature on the strength of her original 172 votes out of 616. But we can sympathize with the eight "exhausted" voters who, having got down as far as Major Hoople after voting for Winters, Drake and Hopalong Cassidy, decided that they did not care a hoot whether Orphan Annie or Dick Tracy got elected, and stopped marking their ballots.

The Learned Societies

THE LEARNED societies of Canada have by now pretty well completed their annual meetings, almost all of which occur in May or June, when the imparters of learning, at least in the universities, have ceased from imparting and have a little free time at their disposal. The general public gets only a limited idea of what goes on in these meetings, for the daily press has little space to spare for their proceedings, unless there is a row or somebody says something which might precipitate a row if uttered in a less calm and academic atmosphere. Nevertheless a great deal of very important thinking is communicated at such meetings, some of which may in the long run exercise a considerable influence on the thinking and even the actions of the whole Canadian people.

It is only a generation or so since Canadians working in the social sciences had no meeting-ground except that of the United States society devoted to their specialty. This was an unfortunate state of things, for the social sciences in action are largely conditioned by the country in which they happen to operate, and economics, sociology and even psychology have special interests in Canada, and need special accents in Canada, different from those which affect them in other countries. In the last few years Canada has developed strong working organizations in these sciences and in the humanities, and Canadians as a result are becoming more conscious of their own special needs and peculiarities.

Canada can contribute much more to the world of learning by speaking in her own voice and with her own special attributes than by merely mixing in with a purely internation discussion or with one dominated by another nation. The men and women who devote a great deal of their time and energy—for very little tangible reward—to the upbuilding and successful operation of these societies deserve the gratitude of all of us.

The Swedes Show Spirit

FOR 140 YEARS the Swedes have pursued a highly successful policy of neutrality—so successful that one may well understand their reluctance to abandon it for participation in the Atlantic alliance, in spite of the pull of the Danes and Norwegians in that direction. Now they have been

reminded that to declare oneself neutral is one thing and to be left alone may be quite another. There seems little doubt that the shooting down of two unarmed Swedish planes over the Baltic was intended as a sharp kick in the Swedish shins for daring to put Communist spies on trial. The first plane, an Air Force "flying classroom" disappeared with all aboard on the Friday before the opening of the biggest spy trial yet held in Sweden, and is now presumed to have suffered the same fate as the search plane which was shot down by two *MIG-15's* the day the trial opened.

Unhappily the shooting up of foreign planes by the Soviets is no longer astonishing. To mention only a few incidents, they shot down a British plane just before the Berlin blockade was clamped on and an unarmed American Navy plane over the Baltic two years ago; and recently they shot up a French transport flying into Berlin. What has been astonishing in this case is the robust reaction of the Swedes. Their Air Force commander promptly ordered his jet fighter planes—of Swedish make and considered a match for the *MIG-15*—to escort further search planes and fire if fired upon. And the public has demonstrated furiously against these barbaric Soviet actions.

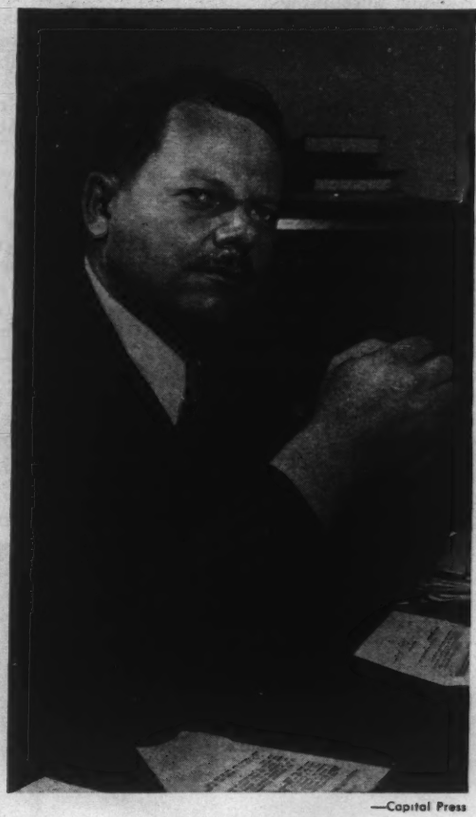
It may well be that within a few months, or a year or two, depending upon the march of events, this incident will be cited as decisive in pushing the Swedes into the North Atlantic alliance. So far they have struggled to remain neutral towards Russia, as they did towards Germany through two wars. Many Swedes were very unhappy about their role in the last war, especially after they permitted the Germans free rail passage to Finland. But it is Russia and not Germany who has been their historical enemy. The shores of the Baltic, which the Soviets are now trying to turn into a Russian lake, once comprised the Swedish empire, and although such pretensions have long been put out of mind in Stockholm, the Swedes don't like being pushed in the face and cannot forget what has happened to their once-free neighbors on the opposite shore. If it is hard to see why the Russians should push the Swedes into NATO, it is just as hard to see why they pushed the rest of us into it.

Cabinet Secretary

THE SECRETARY to the Cabinet, otherwise officially known as Clerk to the Privy Council, is an official whose unacknowledged and unpublicized influence on the course of Government can be profound. Whether it is so or not will depend on the character of the official and on his relations with the Prime Minister and the senior ministers. Mr. J. W. Pickersgill, who succeeded Mr. Norman Robertson in the office at the beginning of June, is used to exercising behind-the-scenes influence and enjoys the fullest confidence of the Prime Minister. He is one of the most remarkably astute servants of the Government of Canada, and it is a sign of his character that he has served Mr. Mackenzie King and Mr. St. Laurent with equal fidelity in the equivocal role of "special assistant".

Mr. Pickersgill was until recent times listed as an official of the Department of External Affairs seconded for duty to the Prime Minister. This was a typical arrangement of Mr. King. In fact he spent only a few months doing nothing very much in External Affairs before he was called to be one of Mr. King's secretaries in 1937. Being one of the secretaries changed in a short period of years to being chief speech-writer, confidant, contact-man and in some degree even political organizer to Mr. King. When Mr. St. Laurent took over the reins Mr. Pickersgill carried on and brought to the new Prime Minister a wealth of political wisdom—both overt and obscure—which earned him not only gratitude (that might be relatively cold), but friendship and confidence.

Now he has moved to a job where his master is the Cabinet as a whole, and where he can no longer devote himself to the Prime Minister's political fortunes. The job of writing speeches for Mr. St. Laurent devolves upon others. The Secretary of



—Capitol Press

MR. J. W. PICKERSGILL

the Cabinet can no longer be a contact man between the Prime Minister and the M.P.'s. But Mr. Pickersgill has, in his own right, a personal influence which would persist whatever his official title. And very shrewd and sober judgment he brings to all political problems. The post of Secretary to the Cabinet seems to be acquiring a new importance in the Canadian scene.

Editor of The Times

ALMOST every newspaper in Britain—except possibly *The Daily Worker*—devoted more space to the change of editorship in *The Times* than *The Times* itself. In a five-line notice tucked away at the bottom of a page, *The Times* merely announced that "Sir William John Haley, Director-General of the BBC since 1944, had been appointed Editor of *The Times* in succession to Mr. W. F. Casey, who is shortly resigning after 39 years' service at Printing House Square, including four years as Editor".

This is part of the characteristic reticence of *The Times* about its own staff. With the exception of occasional articles by distinguished outsiders, strict anonymity is preserved. "By our own correspondent" or "By our special correspondent" is about as far as *The Times* ever goes.

It seems likely that, until they read of his approaching retirement, few readers of *The Times* had any idea that Mr. Casey was Editor. Not that it matters very much, for to most of them *The Times* is a disembodied voice, booming forth its oracles from Printing House Square. The features of the High Priest of the moment are lost behind the traditional mask.

With Sir William Haley this reserve will be more difficult to maintain. He has been head of the BBC for eight years, and is therefore a public figure—in spite of his efforts to remain in the background, for he is a reserved, almost austere sort of person. He should find himself quite at home in the organization and atmosphere of *The Times*—especially as he worked there once before. He was a very junior telephonist.

It was on *The Manchester Guardian* that Sir William really learned his business as a journalist. There has never been a better school. From there he went to the BBC, where he has proved himself a brilliant success. Now he goes back to the work for which he is probably best fitted and which he best likes to do. He is only 51 and at the height of his powers. *The Times* would seem to have made a good choice.

Quebec and Holy Days

THE CASE of the Six Holy Days in the Province of Quebec will not, we confidently trust, be finally settled without coming before the Supreme Court of Canada, for it is a case of the most vital importance for the interpretation of the Canadian constitution. As the Superior Court judgment now stands, the Province of Quebec does not possess the right to legislate for the compulsory observance of any day or days as religious holidays, that power being in the sphere of the criminal law and being therefore reserved to the Dominion. This is much too important a matter to be determined by any but the highest court in the land.

If the Superior Court decision stands, the situation is full of interesting possibilities. The habits and practices of the Province of Quebec have always differed markedly from those of the rest of Canada in this matter, but apparently this difference is incapable of being registered in legislation. Quebec, it seems, desires a great many kinds of business to be carried on even on Sunday, after the hour of noon, but equally desires that no unnecessary business shall be carried on during the Six Holy Days named in the Legislature's Early Closing Law.

We are not surprised that the attempt to suppress business on these days by means of an Early Closing Law has been found defective. It may well be, however, that the powers of the provinces under Property and Civil Rights have not been exhausted. A new sort of Padlock Law might meet the situation. The Attorney-General might be empowered to consider that the opening of stores on any of the Holy Days is a Communistic practice, and to padlock the premises from midnight to midnight in order to prevent it.

Passing Show

SOMEBODY in Korea seems to have the idea that the war is being fought by the Rhee-United Nations.

There are times when we suspect that some of the people who are pushing out the name "Dominion" are doing so to make room for the name "Republic".

Mr. St. Laurent says we mustn't leave too much welfare work to the government. All right, we won't, if the government will leave us some cash to do welfare work with.

We are not really sore about the Toronto Transportation Commissioners' raise of pay, except that we do think they should have had to strike for it.

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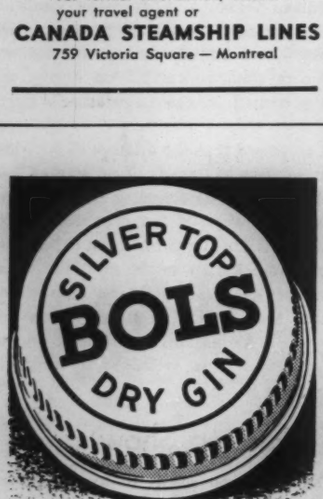

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CITY "WHERE CALIFORNIA BEGAN"

by David Thompson

SAN DIEGO often is referred to as the "Plymouth Rock of the West", for it was there that white men first discovered what was to become the Pacific Coast of the United States. It was in San Diego that they first settled, first raised the cross, first built their crude irrigation systems, first cultivated fields, first erected their schools and first built their historic missions which ushered in the Christian era in California.

Located but 16 miles from Old Mexico but still a truly American city, San Diego has inherited much of the easy-going, colorful life of its old Spanish days. People dress and live for comfort as life moves at a modulated pace.

Encircling a great, landlocked harbor, one of the ten best in the world, San Diego plays constant host to freighters and tramp steamers. Here are based many of the famous fighting ships of the U.S. Fleet, for it is the headquarters of the Eleventh Naval District. With 65 per cent of the tuna catch of the country canned in San Diego, it is the most important tuna centre of America.

A FLEET of sturdy tuna clippers, manned by Portuguese and Italian fishermen, plies in and out of the harbor. Returning sportfishermen bring in prized yellowtail, barracuda, swordfish and marlin from the waters off Point Loma, La Jolla and the Coronado Islands, among the finest fishing grounds in the world. Graceful sail-boats and yachts dot San Diego Bay and the ocean off Coronado and power-cruisers churn the water around great warships riding at anchor within the harbor.

The close proximity of Old Mexico offers the visitor to San Diego a glimpse into picturesque handicraft shops, gay cafe life and interesting stores carrying importations from all over the world. Horse racing and jai-alai are a regular part of the life in this typical border scene.

—All photos courtesy San Diego-California Club
YACHTING ON THE BAY

San Diego's industry is diversified. The manufacture of aircraft is, by far, the dominating factor from the standpoint of people employed and value of production. Other manufacturing plants dot the metropolitan area, producing articles of light manufacture that can be easily and economically shipped, for San Diego's geographic position discourages heavy industry.

Visitors to San Diego will want to see Old San Diego, the place "where California began". Spotted around the flower-banked old Vieja Plaza are many adobe buildings dating back to the 1830 period. Above Old San Diego, in Presidio Park is the Serra Museum, located near the original site of the first mission in California. Mission San Diego de Alcala was moved from Old San Diego six years after its founding in 1769, and now is a visitor's "must" in Mission Valley.

—Edward Sievers
MISSION SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA

Other points of particular interest to the San Diego guest are Cabrillo National Monument on Point Loma, the picturesque resort community of La Jolla, several fine bathing beaches, Torrey Pines Park, and Balboa Park within whose 1400-acres are a full range of recreational facilities, Natural History Museum, Fine Arts Gallery, the Spreckels Pavilion housing the world's largest outdoor pipe organ, the Cafe Del Rey Morro in the House of Hospitality, the world-famous San Diego Zoo, the Museum of Man, and the unique Old Globe Theatre.

THE SITE of San Diego was visited in 1542 by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese explorer in the service of Spain, who spent six days in the harbor; and sixty days later by Sebastian Viscaino, a merchant navigator charting the coast for Spain.

In 1769 Governor Portola, with Franciscan friars, including Father Junipero Serra, and soldiers, established a mission and presidio here. During the Mexican regime, San Diego took on more color. Beautiful senoritas danced picturesque dances at balls following bullfights and fiestas. Many Spanish families, on bad terms with the Mexican governor, assisted the Americans in their conquest of the territory. After the Treaty of Guadalupe, the town came under American rule and the first American flag was raised in San Diego's Old Town plaza on July 29, 1846. In 1850, San Diego was incorporated as a city.

—Edward Sievers
BREATH-TAKING COASTLINE

DEPRESSIONS have touched San Diego only lightly. The establishment of Army and Navy bases, completion of the San Diego and Arizona Eastern Railway in 1919, the location of aircraft manufacturing, the Expositions of 1915-1916 and 1935-1936—all have contributed, in their time, to its prosperity. But the outdoors, an invigorating and healthful climate, an historic and scenic setting, however, have been, and remain, San Diego's chief commodity, and tourists are its best customers.

The annual tourist trade in San Diego County exceeds $60 million and is growing each year. Out-of-state visitors to this section of Southern California number nearly 700,000 a year with the count of persons crossing the international border into the Mexican bordertown of Tijuana, 16 miles south of San Diego, pegged at 7,383,207 for the year ending July, 1951.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Musicians and Borders

AS A CANADIAN and a Torontonian, I should like to express my utter horror at the recent action of the Board of Governors of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra in connection with the dismissal of six members of the orchestra who failed to pass the McCarran Act barrier at the border. Reading an account of it in *The New York Times*, I found it at first rather amusing because, as I read, I assumed that the outcome of the story would be that the orchestra cancelled its American engagement. But the real ending of the story was so shocking that I could at first hardly believe my eyes.

What would have happened, I wonder, if it had been Sir Ernest who had failed to qualify for entry? Would he too have lost his job? A fine thing indeed if Canadians stand in danger of being fired by their Canadian employers when they run into a hostile reception by the high and mighty immigration officials of *another* country. It is fantastic . . .

Let us hope that something is done about this and done quickly. If anyone is to be fired, why not let it be the Board of Governors, on the grounds of irresponsible and immoral conduct?

Princeton, NJ MARY HECKSCHEE

Germ Warfare

THE insinuations against James Endicott in your recent editorial "The Germ Warfare Lie," are unworthy of you. If you don't know Jim Endicott yourself, you must know people who do. No one who has ever known him could doubt his sincerity for a moment.

It is even possible that his Chinese friends believe the germ warfare charge themselves. I am quite sure myself that they are mistaken, and you are right to refute the charge, but as a very old friend of Mary and Jim Endicott, I must protest the tone of your editorial. Surely reasoned argument is more in keeping with the traditions of SATURDAY NIGHT than resort to accusations of vanity and insincerity against a man who may be mistaken but whose character is so well known.

Hamilton, Ont. FREDA F. WALDON

Houde Humiliated?

IN HIS splendidly written and generally accurate sketch of Mayor Houde of Montreal, Leslie Roberts says "Houde swept Papineau", the electoral district which returned him to the House of Commons in the 1949 election. The facts are that Houde didn't "sweep" anything; he was returned by a majority of 75 in a total poll of some 26,000 votes. As Mr. Roberts says, he was the only opponent of the Government elected on the island of Montreal and he evidently regarded his majority as so humiliating in size that only once has he shown up in Ottawa to take his seat and that was in the first session after the election. To his credit, however, he has not taken the sessional indemnity.

Ottawa, Ont. R. H. DAVIS

Yankee Yardstick

I DID so much enjoy your recent article in the SATURDAY NIGHT on the fair sex. It really was well balanced and well written. However, I would love to know why Canadian writers, practically without exception, have always to bring in references to the U.S., as though anything the U.S. did or had was so perfect and beyond criticism that it could *naturally* be used as a yardstick for anything Canadian.

Vancouver, B.C. DAYLE BLAKE

Loyalists and Loyalists

IN THE recent article entitled "Quiet Young Man," it is stated, concerning ancestors of Dr. Charles Bishop, "The Bishops were United Empire Loyalists, settling in the Annapolis Valley around 1760." This use of the name, "United Empire Loyalists," is open to question.

The settlers who came from New England to Nova Scotia in 1760-61, and who are said to have numbered about 10,000, should not be confused with the United Empire Loyalists, who arrived in Nova Scotia at later dates.

HARRISON F. LEWIS

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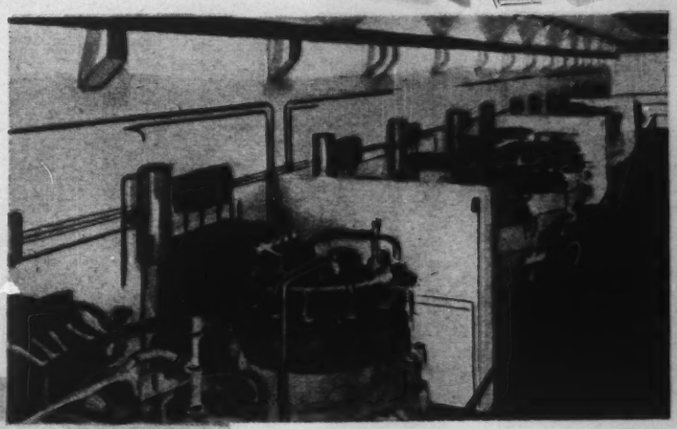

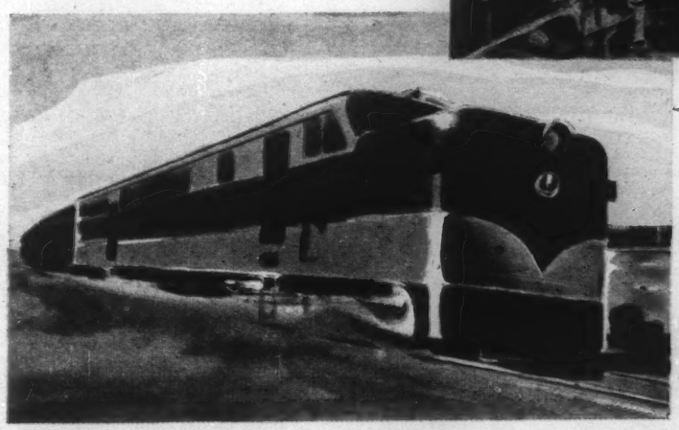

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Fact No. 4

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ON THE ROAD WITH THE GREATEST PAYLOAD

PEOPLE OF THE PRAIRIES

Seeing the Pacific from Winnipeg

by Arthur Lower

ON THE PRAIRIES the Canadian scene gets so large and variegated. How are we to characterize it?

Take Manitobans, for instance. They face both ways. You can climb to the top of the Hudson's Bay Store in Winnipeg and in your mind's eye see the Rocky Mountains to the west. The other way round you can follow the grain ships down the lakes to Montreal and all the way across the Atlantic to Liverpool. The people of Winnipeg can't help having a certain spaciousness of vision.

Manitobans live in a relatively simple, though harsh, environment; there are not a great many of them and they have not been there long enough to get too "sot in their ways". The mental liveliness of Winnipeg forces itself on every newcomer's attention: you just have to hold up your hand and people come running from all directions to form a study group or a musical society. I suppose this magnificent flurry of alert intelligence will have to weaken sooner or later, for Manitoba is losing its brilliant young people year after year.

They are flocking to Toronto and Ottawa: in the latter city, they are to be found in every government office, many of them in the highest places. Winnipeg may run down, too, and be drained of its best minds. If so, it will become just another provincial city, an enlarged version of an eastern small town, nearly all of which already have suffered that fate. But Winnipeg is too large for that to happen easily (though it is happening to nearly all the smaller places in the west) and if the north turns out well, it will get another lease of life.

Can you distinguish a Manitoban from a Saskatchewaner? If you can, you are sensitive to these matters indeed. I can't see much difference myself, except what the element of time brings in: Manitoba was settled a little before Saskatchewan. But even this minor distinction is true only in part. When the CPR was built, Ontario people projected themselves along it, almost right out to the coast. Later comers went in north and south of them. Today, the Anglo-Saxons from Ontario represent an elongated wedge with its thick edge in Manitoba and its point on the Pacific coast. They are being pressed from the south by the Mennonites and from the north by Slavic peoples and others. Before this pincer-movement, they are slowly yielding, a few farms crumbling off the edges every year into non-Anglo-Saxon hands and carrying churches and other social institutions along with them.

THE NEWER-COMERS themselves, whatever their origins, do not find enough space in the western countryside for their own expansion and they are turning eastward in increasing numbers. In eastern cities foreign names mean unpopularity, but they survive that. They are changing the character of the cities of the Niagara peninsula, Hamilton and even Toronto. The pressure of business interests is always for immigration, whatever its source, so the new postwar immigration reinforces the old. One of these days Toronto will elect a mayor whose name the members of the Old Guard will be unable to pronounce. They will shake their heads over this, then go to Ottawa to get the gates open still wider.

This is the second article by Professor A. R. M. Lower of Queen's University on "Are There Canadians?"

In Saskatchewan, less than half the population today put themselves down as "of British Isles descent". This does not mean exactly what it seems to mean; many of the "non-Anglo-Saxons" are of Germanic and Scandinavian origin, and some of these are people whose ancestors came to the country long ago. What the figure does mean is that in Saskatchewan, and only to a slightly less degree in Alberta and Manitoba, people are growing up who have left their memories of other lands behind them. The Anglo-Saxon can never forget

—Canada Wide

A. R. M. LOWER

his world affiliations, but what of the Finn, the Slovak or the Hungarian? The old world has virtually ceased to exist for such after one or two generations in this country, for no political tie, no tie of sentiment, takes them back to it.

On the prairies, a Canadian type is growing up which knows only Canada, which some day must be as Canadian as is French Canada, untrammeled by the disturbing hindsight of the Ontarian or the New Brunswicker.

Among prairie people, the Albertans stand out. Their Province may only be bounded by imaginary lines, but it already seems to have acquired character. A province that could produce Bob Edwards, Henry Wise Wood, Canadian Mormonism, the Brownlee seduction trial, Social Credit, R. B. Bennett and "Bible Bill" Aberhart must have something about it. It is fair to blame a certain portion of Albertan exuberance on the altitude. But not all. Alberta was settled in about equal parts by people from the east, by Americans, by old country people and by miscellaneous groups from further afield. It seems to have been the old countrymen and the Americans who supplied the color and originality: the easterners were mostly just good boys who plodded steadily on. The mixture in the old days, the days of Bob Edwards and his group, must have been potent. Bob's sayings are sprinkled through the pages of the recent "Canadian Quotations and Phrases" (R. M. Hamilton), where few authors have been laid under heavier tribute.

Years ago, a friend of mine who was born and brought up in Alberta told me that one morning on the way to school, he saw a line of men outside the Dominion Land Office. One of them beckoned him over and gave him $5 to hold his place for a while! That would have been beyond the imagination of an Ontario lad.

Another Albertan friend of mine had as good an explanation as any for Alberta's characteristics. In a new country, he used to say, it was well known that the liveliest and wildest spirits always moved on to the edge of things. In Canada they kept moving west, the milder ones dropping out as they went, until the wildest of the wild rolled up against the Rocky Mountains! There they lodged!

And now, they've really got something to go wild about. New oil wells, one gathers, being drilled in every back yard in Edmonton.

Albertans have always been marked by pride in their province. Now that the Lord has so evidently shown his approval of them and of Social Credit, they will be prouder still.

GOING OVER the few miles of mountain passes that divide Alberta and British Columbia is like entering another world. It is hard to characterize British Columbia; there is no prairie simplicity about that Province. The mountains cut it up into dozens of communities, each separate from the other, each with its own local features. There is little similarity between the Trail mining community and the Kootenay Lakes fruit "ranches", still less between it and the Okanagan towns. And the coast is different again, with a life of its own, stretching from island to island, inlet to inlet, having little in common with urban Vancouver. Then there is "The Island", which repeats over again all the complexities of the mainland. It is no wonder that in the old days, every valley and coastal inlet in the province could provide a separate Indian language.

British Columbia has a high proportion of people of British Isles descent. They give it certain marks not ordinarily found elsewhere. One of these is reflected in the long list of private schools advertised in Vancouver and Victoria papers. Another is a certain infusion of the mild, genial lunacy so delightfully caught in the "This England" column of the *New Statesman and Nation*. The infinite variety of crank religions, fads and faddists may or may not have some connections with the same source. The vital statistics patterns—low maternal and infant mortality, low incidence of such diseases as tuberculosis, low death rate among the young, high proportion of old people, low birth rate, high divorce rate—are all aspects of a "high standard of living." They are the northward extensions of phenomena which exist at their most exuberant in the latitude of Los Angeles.

The last time I was out in Vancouver, someone walked off with a 200 pound anchor, and someone else with a raft of 20 40-foot logs! Life is never dull on the west coast.

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—BC Government Travel Bureau Photos

TOURISTS flock to see Butchart gardens, classed as one of the prime beauty spots on Vancouver Island.

Always Spring in Saanich

West Coast Shangri-la is affectionate nickname of Greater Victoria area that is Mecca for flower-lovers.

by J. K. Nesbitt

WHEN PRAIRIE and eastern Canadians at Easter buy daffodils in exclusive florists' stores in early Spring, they're taking part of Saanich, Vancouver Island, into their homes.

The rest of Canada may be locked in ice and snow, but the golden Spring harvest of Saanich bursts forth in the early days of March. The pickers get busy; load after load of cut daffodils is packed for air shipment east. From the fields of Saanich to a dinner table in Winnipeg is just about 12 hours these days for a dozen daffodils.

Saanich—this sprawling, diversified area of Greater Victoria—is Canada's earliest Spring flower garden.

J. H. Crossley, horticulturist at the Federal Government's Experimental Farm in Saanich gives these figures to show that Saanich is the spring flower garden of this country: 3,755,000 bulbs (daffodils, narcissi, tulips, iris, hyacinths) shipped to the east with a total value of $77,335; 500,000 dozen tulips, daffodils, narcissi, iris shipped east and worth $142,500 a year. The bulbs bought on the prairies and in the east are "forced." This means they are placed in containers of water, or earth and sand, put in dark cupboards in the autumn, so they'll be in bloom by Christmas.

Much of the red-berried holly, too, that decks the plum puddings of Christmas dinner tables in all parts of Canada comes from Saanich. With a Saanich hyacinth blooming in the window, and a sprig of Saanich holly in the pudding, Christmas can remind one of warm sun and blue seas, even though a blizzard howls outside in the snowy streets.

Saanich is a seagirt peninsula, adjoining Victoria city on the north. It is bounded on three sides by the Gulf of Georgia, with its many islands and inlets. There are two municipalities on the peninsula—Saanich proper, and recently formed Central Saanich. There's also a large slice of unorganized territory, which includes the bustling little town of Sidney, whose residents pay taxes to the Provincial Government.

Reeve of Saanich is Joseph Casey, 57-year-old native son of Victoria. He's lines superintendent for the BC Electric. Reeve of Central Saanich is a fiery individual, Sydney Pickles, native of Australia. He is the owner of "Sunstead Farm," in Central Saanich, and also has a fine home on the waterfront in Oak Bay, Victoria's most exclusive suburb.

Amalgamation of Victoria with the surrounding municipalities—Saanich, Oak Bay and Esquimalt is a topic that's always good for a heated argument. Victoria city wants amalgamation. The Provincial Government would like it. Most people know it's the only sensible way. But the municipalities won't have any part of it. Says Reeve Casey: "The municipalities are not in debt to the extent Victoria city is. The city has nothing to offer us. The time probably will come, but I can't see it right now."

Reeve Pickles has just won his fight to have the rural part of Saanich put into its own municipality, and so he's not interested in joining Victoria city. He wants to stay clear of Saanich proper. He says the people in Central Saanich are farmers, and want to live on farms, without being bothered with all the expensive amenities other people want.

Saanich has its own police and fire departments, operates on a budget of $1,500,000 a year, with the Reeve and six councillors in control. The Inner Wards are largely residential, with most people, like Reeve Casey, working in Victoria city, and living almost on Victoria city limits. They like Saanich because it's a bit country-like, because the taxes are not as high as in Victoria, even though there are septic tanks and the sidewalks and streets are not as good.

There are now close to 35,000 people in the whole Saanich area—and it's growing all the time, as the flood of immigration from other parts of Canada goes on. New shopping corners are springing up, there are dozens of new homes where a few years back bushland and swamp told motoring Victorians that Saanich indeed was in the wilderness.

Saanich is historic. There were settlers in the area long before Vancouver city was born. Mr. and Mrs. William Thomson from Scotland, and their baby, in 1858, with one horse, took turns riding and walking through the woods from Victoria and established Bannockburn Farm, on the slopes of Mount Newton. The old farm's still there, in sight of magnificent new "Woodwyn Farm," built by Hon. W. C. Woodward, millionaire department-store owner and former Lieutenant-Governor of BC.

St. Stephen's Church, with its old-world burial yard, was built in 1862. In Saanich, at Craigflower, is the oldest standing schoolhouse in Canada west of the Great Lakes. It's now a museum. Saanich has one of the oldest agricultural fairs in the west, started in 1869. It's held each Labor Day. Thousands motor out from Victoria to enjoy a real country fair, with none of the nuisances of midway or screams of barkers. The visitors from town see prize produce from the soil and gleaming jars of preserves and pickles from farm kitchens, and always they resolve they'll give up the city and take to the land. Once a year the pioneers of Saanich gather in their log cabin for a banquet and a feast of speeches about the good old days. The wives vie with each other to see who can turn out the finest roasted turkey, the most delicious jelly, the best apple pie.

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DAFFODILS are bunched for shipment to prairie and eastern Canadian provinces from Saanich.

J. K. NESBITT *is a member of the Press Gallery of the Parliament Buildings in Victoria.*

BRITAIN & EUROPE

The Eden Plan

by Andrew Boyle

—International

MR. EDEN heartens West Berlin, as it faces new trials. Here he inspects the city's crack police force.

London.

UNTIL HE suddenly produced a Schuman-like Plan of his own for consolidating the nations of Europe, nobody would have claimed that Anthony Eden had ever impressed European opinion unduly. He has been overshadowed too much for that by the towering personality of Prime Minister Churchill.

Frenchmen and Italians with long memories recalled with respect his pre-war resignation from the Chamberlain Cabinet in opposition to the policy of appeasement. When, last October, he returned to the Foreign Office, they looked hopefully for a sign that the man of courage whom they had known might prove also a man of vision whom all could trust. But they were bitterly disappointed, and so were millions of ordinary Europeans.

They had believed in the necessity of the return to No. 10 Downing Street of the man who had been the inspiration and architect not only of liberation from Nazi occupation and tyranny, but of the entire postwar movement for European unity. They assumed that the Foreign Secretary would loyally apply the broad policies laid down by Churchill. And that would surely be enough to open a fresh, dynamic phase in the history of the old world's struggle for unity and peace.

THE REACTION to what in fact happened was one of sore disillusion. At the session of the Council of Europe which assembled in Strasbourg soon after the British General Election, it was made ominously clear that the Churchill Government had no intention of deviating from the halting European policy of its Socialist predecessor. It was particularly unfortunate that a select group of United States Congressmen should have arrived in Strasbourg at this time to join in preliminary talks on the problems of Western unity. Before the discussion had gone very far, both American visitors and European delegates were assailing their British colleagues as the saboteurs of unity.

In London, the Prime Minister refused to break his brooding silence. Members of the Socialist Opposition derived an ironical satisfaction from the spectacle of Churchill's discomfiture. They undoubtedly felt that he was getting no more than he deserved for "leading Europe up the garden path", especially in view of his frequent past denunciations of the sceptical and chicken-hearted approach of Mr. Attlee and his associates toward European unity.

Throughout these wintry exchanges across the Channel—and across the floor of the House of Commons—Mr. Eden's name was rarely mentioned. Abroad, it was assumed that the new Foreign Secretary, as a rubber-stamp for Churchill, could hardly be blamed for the latest crisis of confidence. And if he was not responsible for causing it, what earthly chance could there be of his solving it? Besides, did not the whole shameful episode make it painfully certain that "perfidious Albion" was simply living up to her traditions? In that hostile and despairing mood, the European federalists at Strasbourg and elsewhere made up their minds to go on alone, without Britain.

THIS RETROSPECTIVE glance is necessary to understand the change that has come over European opinion since, and the sharp rise in the personal reputation for statesmanship of Mr. Anthony Eden. This was the time, it will be recalled, of the angry and unfinished Saar dispute, the negotiations between Dr. Adenauer and the three High Commissioners on the future status of Western Germany, and the national debates on the Schuman Plan and the European Army, exposing the hesitancy and discouragement of politicians who knew their destination but had momentarily lost their way.

For the time being France, harassed by her own internal weaknesses, had surrendered the initiative as the promoter of revolutionary yet practicable schemes for integrating the West. M. Pleven, the author of the European Army Plan, was no longer Prime Minister; and Mr. Robert Schuman was preoccupied with more immediate difficulties.

Thus Europe was quite unprepared for the astonishing outcome of a routine session of the Council of Europe's "Upper House" which took place in Paris towards the end of March. Mr. Eden not only dominated the discussion; he advanced a workable scheme for remodelling the Council of Europe which instantly won the unanimous support of his colleagues. The "Eden Plan" is now hailed in capitals from Oslo to Rome as a far-reaching but simple measure for carrying out the projects of M. Pleven and M. Schuman with wholehearted British help.

"It would be a mistake," said the Foreign Secretary, "if the Council of Europe were to take the road indicated in the quasi-federal draft statute put forward at its last session. Such a statute would make it difficult for countries which are not members of the new coal-steel and defence communities to cooperate with the countries which are members." Then, stressing that Britain was determined to link herself as closely as possible both politically and militarily with these new communities, Mr. Eden proposed that this could be done quite simply by giving more authority to the embryonic "Parliament of Europe" at Strasbourg.

HE DID NOT have to tell his wider audience what such a bold proposal would mean. Ever since its foundation in the summer of 1949, the Council of Europe has been a sickly, fretful institution, well aware of its own lack of authority and responsibility. It was the child of a compromise between European functionalists and federalists; and many delegates to its lower house—the Consultative Assembly—resented the artificial restrictions imposed on them by the powerful Ministerial Committee, headed by that autocratic midwife and rigid nurse, the late Mr. Ernest Bevin. Short of announcing his country's sudden conversion to the ideal of a European federation, Mr. Eden could not have chosen a better ground on which to restore faith in Britain's sincerity.

The aim of the Eden Plan is to make the Council of Europe directly responsible for the development of the Schuman Plan and the Defence Community, which is to control the European Army. Here again its author provides the ingenious alternative to an otherwise hopelessly intricate problem of organization. For both the coal-steel pool and the international army demand not only a "High Authority" for immediate decisions, a Court of Justice to settle legal issues, and a panel of technical advisers, but separate "parliaments" as well to ensure real democratic control.

Now one of the weaknesses afflicting the post-

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ANDREW BOYLE, *whose last article for us was a study of Bevan, is a BBC correspondent with wide connections in British and European affairs.*

"THE REVEREND" talks to his flock. Left to right, George "Jeep" Wooley, Rev. Maurice McLuhan, Bobbie Gray, Ken Williams, Fred Van Alstyne, Jack Lane.

CAB CALLOWAY entertains Alpha Omegas in church. Not once has a night club performer had to be warned to go easy on "blue" lyrics or off-color jokes.

—Photos by Portigal & Wardle

Showtime Is After Church

Unorthodox methods have paid off for Rev. Maurice McLuhan of Deer Lodge, who charms young people with nightclub performers and special speakers

by Frank Morriss

SUDDENLY, at about half past six on a Sunday evening, the streets of Winnipeg's suburban Deer Lodge are as deserted as if the Pied Piper had come along and lured all the young people into Limbo. However, the magnet in this case is no medieval jitterbug artist, but a slight, sandy-haired young United Church minister by the name of Rev. Maurice R. McLuhan.

"The Reverend" as he is affectionately known to his flock of more than 350 enthusiastic teenagers, gives his young people the Mills Brothers, Nellie Lutcher, Cab Calloway, local jazz bands, speakers on atomic energy, world events and football, but he also gives them a faith that works in their daily lives.

As Ken Williams, 21, and one of the original members of the Alpha Omegas, as this vital youth organization is called, puts it: "The first time I heard the Reverend speak, I knew something was cooking."

Two Winnipeg jazz-band leaders who came out to entertain the Alpha Omegas Club at its now famous Sunday night after-church meetings, became so interested in religious work that they have joined churches in their own communities.

THIS, according to Mr. McLuhan, is just as it should be. The entertainment which the Alpha Omegas Club supplies is just the icing on the cake. Inside is the substantial stuff of good citizenship and the working together of young people in Christian fellowship. In a sermon series on "Faith That Works" McLuhan is just as apt as not to tell his young people about Jersey Joe Walcott. When George Trafton, Winnipeg Blue Bombers coach, told the Alpha Omegas that he didn't know of a coach that resorted to profanity in training footballers, cursing soon disappeared around Deer Lodge young people.

And as Chief of Police Donald MacDonald of the municipality of St. James, of which Deer Lodge is a part, puts it: "I'm not of the same religion as the Rev. Maurice McLuhan (the Chief is a Roman Catholic) but he's doing more than any man in Manitoba, or the whole of Canada, to help young people, and I've been 32 years a police officer. He's got some of the roughneck kids we used to have trouble with right under his thumb. He's a grand man."

Although some of the United Church young people's clubs frown on the unorthodox methods of Maurice McLuhan, the impressed Board of Christian Education has written him asking, "How can the church plan a program of leadership best for young people?"

So brilliantly has McLuhan's plan to bring young people into the church worked that they have completely taken over the Sunday night service, and it's very hard for adults to get a seat. They have their own choir, they take up the collection and read the lesson and their minister gives them straight-from-the-shoulder talks, with no punches pulled.

After church the decks are cleared for the entertainment of the evening, which might include Cab Calloway, if he happened to be fulfilling a night-club engagement in Winnipeg—or Detective Mulholland of the Winnipeg police—or Dr. Jack Warriner on atomic energy; a football star; a speaker for the Temperance Alliance—or a Polish evacuee telling her experiences. Scheduled talks include a program of Jewish folk music by the Jewish Women's Musical Club of Winnipeg and an address by Walter Kaufmann, conductor of the Winnipeg Symphony orchestra. All is grist to the Alpha Omegas, providing that it leads to an understanding of the other person's point of view. They have also heard such other night club "greats" as The Beachcombers and Kenneth Spencer.

Deer Lodge is largely an Anglo-Saxon community, but McLuhan is very careful to see to it that there is no such thing as racial hatred or misunderstanding.

Night-club singers react to the work of this young minister with enthusiasm and think nothing of dropping their four-figure fees and going out to give a show "on the cuff." In fact, they tell other performers, and when they reach Winnipeg one of the things they look forward to is appearing before the eager, scrubbed faces of the Deer Lodge United Church Alpha Omegas.

NOT ONCE, McLuhan stresses, has he had to ask a night club performer to go easy on the "blue" lyrics and jokes. They instinctively know that there's a time and a night club for such things, but the hall of a church is not one of them. "Minnie the Moocher" is a much more respectable young woman, as the Alpha Omegas hear of her, than she is out at Rancho Don Carlos.

It is easy enough to get young people off the street on a Sunday night to hear a world-famed entertainer, or even a local jazz orchestra, Sabbath laws in Canada being what they are. But, in the three years that the Alpha Omegas have been in operation they have a record of work for, and within, the church.

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FRANK MORRISS *is music and drama critic of* The Winnipeg Free Press.

Dow of Canada—Industrial Prodigy

One thing leads to another in this modern business where chemists produce a great deal from very little

by Melwyn Breen

—Dow of Canada

AT THE HELM, N. R. Crawford, Dow's President.

—NFB

SARNIA BOOM drew V/P Leroy Smithers from U.S.

THE STORY of Dow Chemical of Canada, Limited is the story of how human ingenuity has created something almost out of nothing. In this sense, there is a kind of modern alchemy about how coal, petroleum and common salt, combined in a seemingly endless number of ways can produce a whole series of products that have never existed before modern times.

Endless research, painstaking and patient; fruitful imagination and business vision; all these have reclaimed the decayed matter of ages ago and turned them into products useful to modern civilization. So Dow, by drilling beneath its property in Western Ontario for common salt, and by utilizing the products of neighboring petroleum and petrochemical industries, has built up a multi-million dollar organization serving Canadians with dozens of useful products.

Today, Dow is producing plastics, glycols (from which come antifreeze), chlorine, caustic soda, perchloroethylene, (for drycleaning), carbon tetrachloride, trichloroethylene (a metal degreaser), hydrochloric acid, and ammonia.

An important key in Canada's integrated petrochemical industry, Dow first had its beginning in Canada, purely as an agent for the setting up of part of the Polymer Corporation, a Crown-owned company created at Sarnia to make synthetic rubber, just after Pearl Harbor. Polymer was located at Sarnia, because Imperial Oil with its huge refining capacity was able to supply the necessary light hydrocarbons, used in the synthetic rubber industry. Also, benzene, another essential to the petrochemical industry, was readily available from the steel industry; coal, power and water, as well as transportation via the St. Clair River were all handy to Sarnia.

Early in 1942 Dow came in from the U.S. to set up a plant to make styrene monomer, basic to synthetic rubber. At that time the Dow Chemical Company of Midland, Michigan, along with I. G. Farben in Germany were the only manufacturers in the world producing styrene monomer on a commercial basis. Dow designed, supervised and operated the styrene unit for the Crown-owned Polymer Corporation.

With this supply of styrene monomer, (the basis of Dow's plastic production) readily available after the war, Dow decided to set up a plant to put its plastic product, Styron, on the Canadian and world markets. Assured of a steady supply of styrene monomer, the company bought 166 acres next door to Polymer, erected a Styron unit, and by 1947 was in production.

IN THE CHEMICAL business, one thing seems always to lead to another. As P. D. Scott, Dow's Works Manager at Sarnia, put it in a recent interview: "You build a plant in which to process two or more chemicals into a marketable product but in so doing you also produce a by-product. You can either waste it or build another plant to process this into another marketable product."

By this process of "chain reaction," Dow procured ethylene from Polymer. Ethylene is one of the basic chemicals needed in the manufacture of ethylene glycol (antifreeze). Surprisingly enough, glycol had never been made in Canada before, although we are the largest per capita consumers of antifreeze in the world. In February, 1948, Dow opened its glycol unit to make Canada the only country in the world that was not in short supply of the product. Along with ethylene glycol, this unit produces other glycols that are used in cellophane and printing inks, in the tobacco industry as a humectant and in the manufacture of non-freezing dynamite.

In the manufacture of glycol, large quantities of chlorine are needed. Dow did not look far for this product. Sarnia stands on an enormous saltbed that covers Western Ontario, part of Ohio and a good portion of Michigan. By sinking two connected wells into the salt deposits and pumping water down one, brine is brought to the earth's surface. To obtain chlorine the brine solution is pumped into mercury cells and separated electrolytically. From this process a second marketable product, caustic soda, is produced. This material is sold in solution form or—after the construction of a caustic evaporator unit in 1949—in solid, flake or granular form. It has found ready markets in the pulp and paper and textile industries.

THERE WAS still more chlorine to be utilized and accordingly a solvent unit was opened in January 1951 to produce carbon tetrachloride (for the first time in Canada) and several other important chemicals. Carbon tet is used extensively in fire extinguishers and as a cleaning fluid. The other chemicals produced in the solvent unit are used as degreasing agents and one of them, known to the trade as Dow-Per, is used in quick service drycleaning. Another major product from the solvent unit is hydrochloric acid, which is now playing such a great part in the Western Oil development and industrial expansion of Canada.

And still the chain reaction moved on: There was hydrogen produced in the manufacture of chlorine.

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—Federal

How to Beat the Burglars

by Hal Tracey

Summertime means easy pickings for thieves unless householders take extra precautions

WHEN thieves broke into the North York apartment home of Barbara Ann Scott recently, it was quite obvious they knew what they were about. They followed a procedure that probably went something like this:

A glance at the newspapers would tell them when Barbara Ann's ice show was to open, and they could safely assume that her mother would be on hand to watch her on her opening night. They may have checked by telephone to make sure no one was home. Then, according to newspaper reports, they apparently forced a door to gain entry (it can be done quite easily) and they took mostly jewelry and furs, the easiest things to get at, and with the highest resale value.

Residence burglaries of this type, according to insurance experts, are on the increase. Thieves go for articles that can be easily disposed of. High on their list are jewels and furs, cash, liquor, small radios, cameras and the like. They seldom take silverware.

When the successful burglar has escaped with his loot, he doesn't hang onto it long. If police come around asking questions, he doesn't want it in his possession.

That's where the fence comes in. He is castigated by both police and insurance men as "the backbone of crime", since he provides a market for the goods the thief steals. If police catch a fence dead to rights, they usually throw the book at him.

Toronto Chief Constable John Chisholm has some scathing words to say about the fence:

"Although he plays no part in the actual burglary, he profits substantially from it. Many fences pose as respectable businessmen, and we suspect that many of them actually encourage crime. The main problem for the police is to prove that the man in question knew that the property had been stolen. The main witness against a receiver of stolen property is generally, in the eyes of the law, an accomplice, and the legal issues and rules of evidence involved complicate matters for the police."

The burglar's gain isn't nearly proportionate to the risks he runs. From the fence he gets, if he's lucky, perhaps a tenth of what the article he steals is worth. Not so the fence.

"The despicable part," continues Chief Chisholm, "is that the fence usually pays a paltry sum for the loot, and being in business is able to make a big profit from its sale."

"The fence contributes especially to the success and prevalence of the crimes of shop and housebreaking. For any undertaking to succeed, there must be supply and demand. The fence in this case establishes the demand. He is the criminal's market."

It's hard to convict fences. Wilsom McLean of Canadian Inland Underwriters' Conference, and a former crown prosecutor, can testify to that. He's had plenty of experience, both as prosecutor and insurance man. The burglars themselves won't "squeal" on them, because they may want to use them again. Once a fence is marked by police, his usefulness as a disposer of stolen property is substantially reduced. But the fence in turn must make a quick turnover on stolen goods, since the police will ask embarrassing questions if they are found on his premises. So he sells them as bargains to the unsuspecting public.

It is an unsavory fact that a certain element of the public, although nominally honest, will on occasion buy stolen property. Some sellers take advantage of this cupidity. They pretend something is stolen property when it isn't. Cheap watches are sold this way at car stops and in similar places. Cheap rugs, too, are palmed off as valuable ones which have either been stolen or smuggled past customs.

THIEVES don't operate exclusively at night. F. W. West, of the Underwriters' Adjustment Bureau, says that of late there has been an increase in purse snatching from homes. A woman alone in her house usually doesn't bother to lock the doors in the daytime. She may leave her purse on the kitchen table after paying the milkman. She is occupied in another part of the house. It is easy for a thief to slip through the back door, grab her purse, and be gone in a very few seconds. Next time she wants her purse, she discovers her loss. Moral—keep the doors locked, even when the house is occupied.

Burglaries of various types comes in waves, says Hugh Holland of the Canadian Underwriters' Association, the organization that sets burglary policy rates. There may be several bank robberies, then a spate of residence burglaries, then a wave of store robberies, with periods of relative quiet between the waves. The companies handling burglary insurance of the various types try to average their rates on a long-term basis, despite these sudden upsurges of crime of different types.

People are becoming more "claims conscious" than they used to be, insurance men agree. They are putting in claims for objects the majority of which are small in value, despite the reluctance of putting themselves to the trouble of going through

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THE WORLD TODAY

Time to Think Again?

by Willson Woodside

IN A MAJOR REVIEW of U.S. military planning Joseph C. Harsch, the very able correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor,* says a lot of things which bear thinking about. President Truman, laying the keel of the first atomic submarine, Senator McMahon in talking about the hydrogen bomb and Chester Wilmot about the use of the small atom bomb on the battlefield, all reinforce his appeal for a re-thinking of Western military doctrine.

He sees the United States straddled between preparing for further Koreas and laying an industrial base which would support a full-scale war with Soviet Russia. This straddle developed out of indecision over the meaning of Korea, whether it was just an isolated grab which completely misjudged Western reaction, or whether it was the first deliberate move in a plan to seize strategic positions for a new war. The presently planned U.S. forces, a ground strength of 23 divisions plus 18 regimental combat teams (brigade strength), a Navy built around 18 carriers, and an Air Force of 143 wings, Harsch does not find out of line with the task of patrolling the vast circumference of Russian power and balancing the widely advertised Soviet strength of 175 divisions, 20,000 aircraft and 300 submarines.

But Harsch thinks that the great and expensive effort to prepare an industrial base which will support, it is claimed, 100 American and as many allied divisions and several hundred air wings, confuses thinking on the kind of military force we need and is furthermore not the best way of averting a major war, because it alerts the Soviets to the fact that we are preparing for a major war.

There is no responsible leader in the Pentagon, he says, who will claim that the force which could be built upon this industrial base could overwhelm Russia immediately, or even within 10 years. The use which the Russians would make of their atom bombs to deter America's European allies from cooperating in any such undertaking, without which the whole project collapses, is simply ignored. Also, we should realize that the idea of immediate and widespread retaliation against Russia by heavy bombers ceased to be conceivable from the moment the Russians produced quantities of *MIG-15* jet fighters able to claw them from the sky, and a widespread radar net.

IT IS HARSCH'S conviction that, while out to expand the borders of the Communist world and of Moscow's power to the utmost, Stalin and his associates regard all-out war as the greatest single danger to their regime, to their own personal tenure in office, to the security of the Russian state and to the cause of world Communism. Their game is to employ the device of limited war, and our challenge is to forge more effective means of meeting such moves, whether in Indo-China or Burma, Iran or Yugoslavia.

"Britain effectively deterred the military power of Russia over most of the 19th century with task forces built on the principle of the rapier rather than the bludgeon. . . Our real need is not for a military land-air mass capable only of trying to overwhelm Russian military power by sheer weight of numbers and equipment, but rather for small, highly skilled striking forces capable of penetrating the Russian skin at enough points to make it impossible for the Russians to gather their own forces into a mass and shove them against the defences of the West.

"We need, perhaps, not more big bombers but faster light bombers; not 100 American divisions and another 100 allied divisions but perhaps a dozen amphibious task forces capable of landing on Russian soil, raiding for short distances and then withdrawing quickly; not a world network of big bomber bases, but a network of small land bases and aircraft-carriers from which light, swift air support can be concentrated quickly against any Russian sortie or directed against Russia itself."

THIS KIND OF FORCE, Harsch believes, would enable us better to meet the Korean type of adventure, would cost perhaps 25 per cent less, and would strengthen rather than strain the Western alliance by proving both to her allies and to Russia that the U.S. is not intent on annihilating the Russian state.

This doesn't mean abandoning Europe, or failing to defend it adequately. Indeed, Harsch, just returned from Paris, asserts that General Eisenhower had already gone over from planning a mass army to planning a lean and defensive force keyed to the changes in weapons which, according to Dr. Vannevar Bush ("Modern Arms and Free Men") are tending to restore the advantage to the defence. And General Van Fleet, he says, is able to declare confidently that if the Communists resume the offensive in Korea they will be "soundly defeated" because he knows that baby atom bombs would be available to hurl against concentrations of enemy troops if the situation became serious. These baby bombs can be carried by the latest model *Sabrejet* fighter, the F-86-G — which with refueling has flown 4500 miles with such a load.

The U.S. Army has also developed atomic artillery. An artist's conception of the huge howitzer has been published in *Life,* and *Newsweek* states that casings for atomic shells are being turned out near Chicago. Chester Wilmot, the Military Correspondent of the London *Observer* and SATURDAY NIGHT, discloses the argument going on between the U.S. Army and Air Force over the best means of delivery of the baby atom bomb on the battlefield. The Army, mindful of the occasions on which the Air Force has bombed friendly troops by mistake, considers it too dangerous to risk air delivery of tactical atom support. Accuracy and immediate availability at all times, it holds, are the essential considerations in favor of atomic artillery.

The Air Force thinks that the Army is presuming a greater supply of atomic shells than it is ever likely to have, and that what the Army gains in accuracy it would lose in flexibility and range. The atomic howitzer has a range of only 20 miles, and with its great weight of 75 tons would be difficult to conceal and would be vulnerable to capture in the event of an enemy break-through. Still, the Air

—International

HARBINGER OF NEW ERA: model of atomic sub is displayed by President Truman, after keel-laying.

Force admits that it cannot guarantee the accuracy which the Army demands. Battlefield targets must be hit with precision; and it is believed that the area critically affected by a tactical atomic explosion in the open country would be less than a mile square, while the zone likely to be neutralized would be much smaller.

THE ASSUMPTION that the atom bomb will nevertheless be of great value to Allied forces meeting a Soviet attack is based on the argument that Russian military doctrine has always called for the concentration of overwhelming masses of troops. "Both the U.S. and British Armies are therefore seeking to devise means of accentuating this vulnerability and exploiting it," says Wilmot.

The amazing statement of Senator Brien McMahon about the hydrogen bomb does not fit into any particular niche in this theory of warfare, but certainly demands attention. McMahon is chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, and has been moderately discreet in his utterances up to now. Had he merely hinted that the problems of constructing and delivering a hydrogen bomb—which is rated 1000 times more powerful than the original atom bomb—were well on the way to solution, that would have been news. But he has called for the stockpiling of hydrogen bombs "in four figures." If this means anything it indicates that the fantastic difficulties and fabulous cost of this enterprise, as anticipated by William L. Laurence, have been circumvented.

THE ATOMIC submarine whose keel was laid by Mr. Truman is, however, one of the new weapons discussed by Dr. Vannevar Bush as a means for strengthening the defence, providing our technical lead holds. President Truman said that a task which had been expected by most experts to take 10 years—if it could be done at all—had been accomplished in four. A "full-size, working engine, complete in all respects, the same kind of engine which will be used in this ship . . . is almost completed right now (in Idaho). Soon they will start it running. . ."

The atomic submarine will help fill the most dangerous gap in our defences, the menace of the Russian snorkel U-boats. Before the use of the snorkel tube—by which a submarine's engines and crew breathe underwater—we had so perfected our hunter-killer techniques, particularly through the use of aircraft spotting, that we were destroying three U-boats for every ship of ours they were sinking. There has been no thorough test of the snorkel in wartime, but it has been stated by those studying the subject that its chances of escape have been improved by a hundred times or more.

One of the great advantages of the snorkel sub is its much faster underwater cruising speed, which makes it harder to detect and harder to catch. The atomic sub will have far greater speed, and need show nothing at all above the water. Patrolling the neighborhood of Russian U-boat bases, it will become one of our leading anti-U-boat weapons.

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THE REAL HOPE FOR GERMANY

by Richard Lowenthal

Bonn.

VIGILANCE GROUPS of democratic citizens, led by writers, university students and other young intellectuals, have emerged in several German towns as the spearhead of a spontaneous resistance to the revival of Nazi tendencies. In a country where for a century the absence of an actively democratic intelligentsia has been the greatest weakness of the democratic cause, this is one of the most hopeful post-war developments.

The groups in question were not started on any central plan, nor were they sponsored by any public authority or mass organization. Some of them do not even have a name or a formal constitution, and are only gradually discovering one another and linking up. All are as actively opposed to Communist as to the neo-Nazi influence.

I have followed in detail the development of two of these groups—one in West Berlin, the other in Munich. The Berlin group was formed a few months ago after the performance of an anti-Communist film led to Nazi-styled demonstrations. Some writers and student readers from the West Berlin "Free University", including a number of refugees from the Eastern Zone, banded together to study and observe the neo-Nazi groups, to train themselves for debating against them, and if necessary to protect their discussions and speakers and prevent Nazi disturbances at meetings.

The group did not give itself an official name, but has gradually acquired a nickname corresponding to its spirit of Boy Scout adventure—"*Die Gute Bande*" i.e. "The Good Gang". For some time now they have regularly attended all meetings of neo-Nazi societies, usually enforcing discussion and proving themselves superior in argument—occasionally, when the Nazis started to get rough, proving themselves superior in rough-housing, too.

The Munich "Democratic Action" group emerged from one of the anti-Harlan demonstrations which took place in so many German cities last autumn, and took the form of a kind of alliance, grouping the Catholic and Socialist Youth Groups, the Socialist students, and, again, a number of well known writers and journalists. It became famous when, during the carnival season, it turned the foundation meeting of a neo-Nazi youth group into a joke by attending it in force and electing an anti-Nazi committee.

The role played by the students of Freiburg and Goettingen in the demonstrations against performances of Harlan's films shows that these are not isolated incidents but symptoms of a typical development, among at least a large part of the younger intellectuals.—*OFNS.*

THE EDEN PLAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

war West is the multitude of committees and special organizations spawned by every conference on international cooperation. Frequently their functions overlap; just as frequently their delegates are the same. For example, under a protocol defining relations between the Council of Europe and the Coal-Steel Community it has already been agreed that members of the special parliament should be drawn from French, German, Italian and Benelux delegates to the Strasbourg Assembly.

As Mr. Eden says for his scheme: "The Council would become an integral part of the European Community. It would be given valuable work to do. Reduplication of European bodies would be avoided. And the Schuman Plan as well as the European Defence Community would be provided with ready-made machinery."

Even more important than these obvious advantages, the overhaul will force Britain and the Scandinavian countries to associate themselves as never before with the work of unifying Europe.

Officials of the European nations represented at Strasbourg set to work on a formula defining the status of countries like Britain which, though active members of the Council, do not belong to the two Communities for which the Council will shortly assume responsibility.

There are some out-and-out federalists who declare that Mr. Eden was deliberately vague and evasive when he touched on his country's desire "to be associated in an appropriate way with the parliamentary and ministerial institutions of the Communities." In their view, "perfidious Albion" has once again persuaded Europe to mark time while this latest cunning compromise is being tried out.

THEY DO NOT SEE how it is possible to square the circle, since one of the first duties of the Defence and Coal-Steel Communities will be to draft a federal constitution, an undertaking in which the British and Scandinavian members of the Strasbourg Assembly can have no possible part. They fear indeed that Britain is, as usual, striving to get the best of both worlds: the advantages of influence and even leadership in the two key-projects of European unity, and the advantages of keeping intact her national sovereignty.

These honest but narrow criticisms need not be taken too seriously. It is true that the old quarrel, between those who uphold political federation as the panacea for all Europe's ills, and those who prefer the less risky and unspectacular way of increased cooperation between governments, has not yet been patched up. And there was some discord when the partisans of both sides confronted each other at Strasbourg a month ago. But it is equally true that Mr. Eden's initiative has more than made amends for his unaccountable breach of confidence on his return to the Foreign Office last October, and caused an upsurge of excitement wherever men and women believe in the European idea.

BACK-ROOM MINISTER

CONTINUED FROM COVER

active political organizer of all the Ontario ministers. He has a clear political judgment, less intuitive than King's but more logical. He was the best of the Liberal prophets about the May by-elections, and was not surprised at the Liberal losses. He is the most regular attendant (with the exception of Abbott and McCann) at the Cabinet's Treasury Board which supervises all departmental expenditures. It is, as he says, the best way of learning what goes on.

THE REPORT in Ottawa is that Harris settled into the Cabinet quickly, easily and naturally, in January, 1950. He has his say over a wider range of subjects than many more senior ministers, and nobody resents it. He has an instinctive skill for choosing the right moment to intervene. He never talks unless he knows the subject. Often he will listen in silence to a discussion taking a path with which he completely disagrees. He will acquiesce sometimes in decisions he doesn't like because he doesn't think the subject important enough to justify an argument, or because he simply doesn't know enough about it. When he does intervene it is with knowledge, and his point is generally recognized as being one of importance.

On foreign policy he backs up Pearson. Months ago he cut out and filed away a paragraph in SATURDAY NIGHT, which he still remembers. It read: "Apart from the PM himself there just is nobody (in the Cabinet) who could begin to replace Pearson's breadth of vision, understanding and experience in international affairs. Without him the Cabinet would be like a bunch of amateurs — though some of them don't like to think so."

In domestic affairs he regards himself as an "advanced Liberal." He tends to support Paul Martin on social welfare. He falls into the incorrigible Liberal pragmatism on economic policy. He fought vigorously against artificial protection for the textile industry when this was recently a subject of Cabinet controversy. But when it comes to agricultural policy he supports Gardiner's marketing plans, without always liking either the technique or the details of their application.

His primary interests are domestic. He has a clear and a broad vision of Federal Government policy with the outlook of rural, "Clear Grit" Ontario as a consistent background. As one friend remarked: "He's always conscious of the grass-roots, but he can see over the top of the grass."

His appearance is advantageous. He is dark and handsome with strong features and a wide expressive mouth. His brown eyes can smile happily, but they would burn into red-faced shame anyone who made a dishonest suggestion to him. It isn't easy to chat with him. You can talk about any range of subjects. He'll say what he has to say or what he judges it prudent to say. It will be straightforward and without evasion. Then he'll look at you and wait for the next subject.

He never minds saying "I don't know." If he can be persuaded, even by a junior, that he is wrong, he never hesitates to say: "All right, you're right." He gives a small wave with his hand as he says it, and the subject is dismissed once and for all. He'll never go back on it and raise doubts. He is fully conscious of his own ability, and trusts his own judgment.

He neither speaks nor acts on impulse. Nobody ever catches him with his hair down. He doesn't play. Those closest to him say he doesn't know how to. He doesn't smoke or drink. His approach to this aspect of electioneering is characteristic. He won't canvass the pubs; but he makes sure somebody does — the people there vote too.

During the war Major Harris — whom it is difficult to imagine "on a party"—was the officer to whom the men came most freely with their troubles. He still takes an interest in their individual problems. No one ever finds him discourteous. He is equable, dispassionate and deliberate. He does not fit the role of bosom friend, but he makes a rare consultant. He inspires trust and justifies it.

THE SPARK of political ambition in Walter Harris was ignited by Mackenzie King from a platform in West Toronto in 1921. King was launching a by-election campaign. Harris, a 17-year-old student, went to hear him and left the meeting resolved to aim at a public career. He was then leaving Humberside Collegiate and starting to study law at Osgoode Hall. His father, who had been a farmer near Markdale, Ont., had moved to Toronto when Walter was a baby, and became a carpenter in the city. Walter was the third child: his sister was 12 years older than he, his brother (now a grocer in Oakville) six years older.

He graduated from Osgoode in 1926 and took the unusual and adventurous course of setting up in legal practice by himself in Toronto. At the same time he became secretary of the Ward 6 Liberal Association. He plugged away at his legal practice for five years. But then the depression began to close in, and young Harris was anxious to marry Grace Morrison (daughter of the J. J. Morrison of UFO) whom he had met in the proper way at the Baptist church. He started looking for more secure and remunerative fields, and found them in his family's old district at the little town of Markdale. He moved in 1931, and by 1933 was well enough established to marry Grace Morrison who is now the mother of his three children.

This was the main object of the move to the country. But in the background there was another. Harris was looking for a base for his political career. He found this too. He became secretary of the Markdale Liberal Association and sought the nomination for the 1935 general election. Probably he was lucky not to get it. The man who did was beaten by Agnes Macphail. But in the election of March 1940, Harris got both the nomination and the seat (Grey-Bruce). He beat Miss Macphail by 1,400 votes.

During this election campaign Harris was also studying for the exam which gave him a commission in the Grey and Simcoe Foresters. He tackled the army as he tackles everything else—with a studious determination. He read books about strategy; he took training very seriously. His CO, Brigadier Tom Rutherford, remembers a vile snowy day at Camp Borden when no other unit would go out to the ranges. But Harris's company was there to get in its shoot, and Harris was out shovelling snow with bare hands beside his men.

THE ARMY doctrine of those days was in favor of saturation bombing or artillery fire. Harris was one of the officers who never accepted it. He always believed in "aimed fire"; and that is highly characteristic of him.

In 1942 Harris was in England with a party of Canadian officers taking training and staff courses. He was back to make his first major speech in the Commons in January, 1943, when he moved the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. But he went over again in the summer of 1943 as a squadron commander with the third of our Armored Tank Brigades. Although it was a highly trained and integrated formation it had to be split up as soon as it reached the other side. This was the most complicated bit of reorganization the Canadian Army had to achieve during the war. Harris had a key part in it. Brigadier Rutherford was then officer administering the Armored Corps. He took Harris for his personal assistant and gives him the credit for the fact that every officer and unit was fitted into the new formations without a single major complaint.

In June, 1944, Harris got himself posted to the 6th Armored Regiment (1st Hussars). A month later in Normandy he was climbing out of his tank to consult with the infantry commander whom he was supporting when a sniper's bullet got him in the foot. It was the end of his active service. He was back in Canada to retain his seat in the 1945 election, and to start his climb to political prominence.

In the postwar years he has had a taste of international affairs and a UN conference in New York. He has had a test of his diplomacy and administrative skill in working out details of Newfoundland's entry into Confederation. He has performed a major administrative task in establishing the new Department of Citizenship and Immigration and carrying through the new Indian Act. He has earned for himself an important voice in the determination of high Liberal policy.

One long-time supporter compares him to a mile-runner. He is not one to exhaust himself in the first laps. He keeps a good reserve in hand. His mental equipment is good but not exceptional. What makes him remarkable is the way he uses it.

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PEOPLE OF THE PRAIRIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

YOU MAY think Victoria is a staid old city. Nothing could be farther from the truth. A gentleman I knew there, a student of Victoria's nature, enlightened me. He said to me casually one evening, while we were sitting on his veranda: "That stone [illegible]l, out there, now. Full of black widow spiders. Very few people get bitten, of course."

Then he told me about catching a four-ton shark in one of the quiet inlets, after hours of struggle. Next he moved out to the islands outside the outer harbor. There, he said, long years ago, he had seen a squaw sitting disconsolately alone in her canoe. Rowing up to her, he found out what was the matter. Down at the bottom, in ten feet of water, he saw the poor woman's husband, wrapped in the tentacles of an octopus. He promptly pulled him up and despatched the creature.

How did he do it? Well, it's something worth keeping in mind, if you ever get pulled under by an octopus. Just put your hand in your vest pocket, get out your pocket knife and run your fingers down the tentacles. When you get to the centre, shove in the knife, which you should have previously made razor sharp. This collapses the octopus and he lets go. You then rise to the surface—if you haven't been under too long!

And, anyway, my friend added, you are not likely to encounter such perils. But watch out if you go out after dark on the edges of the city—just as likely as not, you will be pounced upon by a cougar, fresh down from the hills.

So Victoria, you see, is in no respect the quiet, ultra-English city that the feather boas and knickerbockers of the safe noon-day streets make you think it is.

And as if all this is not enough, now we have to get in Newfoundland, too. Anyone who has ever been to "The Island" (I mean Newfoundland, though wherever you go in Canada, you are confronted with this phenomenon "The Island".) will know how different its people are from those of the rest of the country. They talk in a disarming mixture of Irish brogue and west-country English. They are as different as can be from the shy Highlanders across the Cabot Straits. They apparently take their politics with Irish uproariousness, not Scottish dourness. I see one of their local politicians has lately been reported as demanding that the Canadian Secretary of State (the Hon. F. G. Bradley, a Newfoundlander) be "sleuthed" by the police because the man is a Communist: he must be—he's on the opposite side from the local politician!

I AM quite aware that this hurried chase through Canada does not constitute a complete description: for that we would need a book. But the question is, whether, out of all this variety, are there Canadians?

There are obvious physical similarities from St. John's to Victoria—for example, every paper in the country dutifully reports "big league" baseball scores. The degree of deviation is greatest, it seems to me, in Newfoundland. St. John's, but for its wooden houses, might be one of the more dishevelled English provincial towns. Once you get over to the continent (an English friend of mine living in Nova Scotia always used to refer to going even to New Brunswick as "going to the continent"), you meet the uniform Canadian accent. There is more difference in speech between the two ends of the international bridge at St. Stephens, NB and Calais, Maine, than there is between St. Stephen's and Prince Rupert.

In a third article we shall look at some questions like these: Is there Class in Canada? Is Puritanism Pagan? What makes Canada?

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ALWAYS SPRING IN SAANICH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Saanich Inlet—a long arm of the sea, with the famed Malahat Drive towering in the west, and trim farms sloping on the east, is noted for its fishing—just 11 miles from the heart of downtown Victoria. In summer the waters swarm with tourists. Here each year a monster fishing derby is held with the proceeds going to a crippled children's hospital on the shores of the Inlet.

The Federal Government's astrophysical observatory is in Saanich—atop Little Saanich Mountain. It was built in 1916. Why there? Because, according to Dr. J. A. Pearce, the observatory's director emeritus, "Saanich has more clear air at night, and more sunshine than any other place in Canada." This silver-painted observatory is a Victoria beacon. It can be seen on the U.S. shore 25 miles away. It has a 73-inch reflector—the world's fifth largest. It has a staff of 23 under director Dr. R. M. Petrie. Dr. Pearce is now engaged in a ten-year study of the stellar motions.

SAANICH has a Provincial Park, a lovely sylvan area of 98 acres, set aside by the Provincial Government for the recreation and enjoyment of the public. There's a small mountain in the Park, and from the top a splendid view of sea waters, islands and distant snow-capped peaks. It's called John Dean Park, after the man who gave it to the government. John Dean was a crotchety old bachelor with a big heart—a man who, years before he died, had this carved on his tombstone: "It's a rotten world, artful politicians are its bane. Its saving grace is the wonder of the sky and the laughter of little children."

Saanich has a winery and what is believed Canada's largest loganberry farm—80 acres. The loganberries are turned into wine.

The wondrous Butchart gardens are in Saanich. Once they were a great hole in the earth, tons of rock having been gouged out to make cement for the firm of R. P. Butchart who came, a poor man, from his native Ontario, and died a millionaire. The ugliness of the scarred earth, and the fact that her husband was creating such ugliness, worried Mrs. Butchart. She started planting flowers in the hideousness. Before she quite realized what she was up to, she was fashioning one of the showplaces of North America.

Greater Victoria's airport is in Saanich—at Patricia Bay, 17 miles from the city. A big RCAF station was at Pat Bay—as it's locally called—during the war. It trained thousands of airmen from Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand. An RCAF marine section is still based there.

Saanich is home of a Federal Government experimental farm and pathological laboratory. J. J. Woods, the farm's superintendent says: "We're always trying to find something new to help the farmers." This farm, sloping to the sea, is 120 acres of neatness and trimness, a showplace. Often picnics are held under the trees. It's a "must" on the program of many visitors. The pathological laboratory, which studies plant diseases, has eight employees under Dr. William Newton. In summer, 35 are employed on the experimental farm.

Much of Victoria city's milk and fruit come from the farms of Saanich. The Peninsula is rightfully called the city's milk pail, fruit basket and vegetable garden. Saanich's strawberries are said to be the finest in North America. Melons ripen quickly in the hot sun, tomatoes grow red and huge in Saanich fields. Grapes grow well there, too.

Saanich has one member in the Provincial Legislature—Arthur J. R. Ash. He was once an alderman in Ottawa. In the war he was with the army in Saanich, succumbed to its charms and returned there to live. In 1948, though not long there, and dubbed a "carpet-bagger" by his political opponents, he was elected a Liberal member of the Legislature, supporting the Coalition Government. Ash's chief worry is lack of irrigation for Saanich, and what he calls poor telephone service.

In Federal politics, Saanich is part of the vast Nanaimo riding, and so is represented by that gallant soldier turned astute politician, Major-General George Randolph Pearkes, VC, who lives in Saanich.

Sidney, the metropolis of Saanich, serves nearly 5,000 people. Its chief domestic issue these days is whether or not to incorporate as a village. Sidney has a wide main street that leads to the docks, is connected by a ferry service with Anacortes, in the State of Washington. Recently Sidney voted for beer-by-the-glass, as a result now has a new $200,000 hotel.

BRENTWOOD is the metropolis of Central Saanich. It has some attractive homes by the shore, many wharves from which the sport fishermen set out, a nice hotel called Bretna Lodge and ferry connections with Mill Bay, on the opposite side of Saanich Inlet. There's a picturesque Indian reservation nearby—Tsartlip.

Saanich is a rich summer playground for Victorians. Its lakes—Prospect, Beaver, Elk—are Victoria's old swimmin' holes. There are many lovely sandy beaches along Saanich's shoreline—Cordova Bay and Cadboro Bay on the east, Brentwood Bay, Deep Cove (there's a beer parlor in The Chalet) and Patricia Bay on the west. There's Mount Douglas Park, with its picnic tables under the trees. Many rich people have big homes in Saanich, once summer residences, but now they're lived in all the year.

Saanich has just about everything, including good lively municipal politics. It's just about the perfect place for comfortable living. It has city streets, country lanes, beaches, lakes, mountains, forests and farms. You can live any way you like in Saanich. You can hide away in isolation or join community enterprises.

That's why so many prairie and eastern Canadian folk, buying Saanich's bulbs in Autumn, holly from Saanich at Christmas and Saanich's daffodils in March, want to live there. They see in Saanich a continual rainbow-at-night—a rainbow of peace and contentment.

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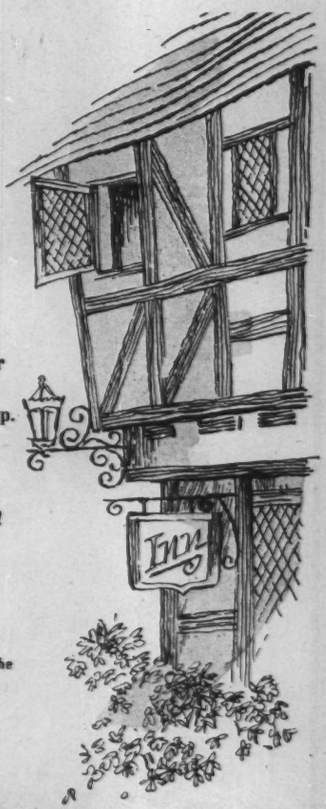

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FILMS

IMPROPER BOSTON

by Mary Lowrey Ross

IN "Walk East on Beacon" Louis de Rochemont joins hands with Edgar Hoover to show how the Federal Bureau of Investigation goes about cracking Communist spy rings. It is quite a detailed study and for all I know may be as authentic as the old brownstones on Beacon Street which producer de Rochement uses, in part, as actual background.

This time the Comrades are engaged in putting pressure on a famous refugee scientist (Finlay Currie) who is at work in a Boston laboratory. They are in a strong position since the great man has a son held captive in the Berlin Soviet zone; and while he is able to stall them off for a time by feeding them the wrong equations, they eventually catch up with him and make off with him bodily. However the FBI is close on the trail and is able to rescue the victim before his captors can get out of Boston harbor. Since the story appears to have been based on the case of the disappearing scientist Klaus Fuchs, the ending at least can hardly be accepted as documentary.

However the film goes into considerable detail about the scientific methods used in rounding up the nation's suspects. There is a rather disturbing George Orwell touch about all this, since the film indicates that anyone may be a suspect and that the eye of the police can follow any suspect, tracking him right into his own dark room, where he may be developing snapshots of the family vacation at Wasaga Beach. Naturally the agents under observation here are never engaged in anything so innocent as this. Under the leadership of Karel Stepanek they are a fiercely dedicated lot who can hardly take time off from their plottings to eat and sleep.

In the end the mills of the FBI, grinding exceeding slow, grind the spy ring very small. This takes time and the suspense lags along in the wake of the documentation and doesn't pick up speed until the end, when it goes into the conventional melodramatics of chase and capture. In spite of the documentation and the brownstone fronts it is hard to accept the final goings-on as routine activity of the Bureau of Investigation. It looks more like the familiar routine of the Hollywood script-writer.

MARLENE DIETRICH too has her familiar routine and it is hard to say how, after all these years, it can still be so fascinating to watch. The reason may lie in her own private conviction about herself, a conviction so unshakeable that it can afford to be nonchalant and even occasionally self-humorous. The *femme fatale* role in Miss Dietrich's hands could be a joke, a dedication, a good living, or a blend of all three. Dietrich herself isn't giving anything away.

Her latest film, "Rancho Notorious" might have been more suitably

titled "Dietrich Rides Again". It's another western and it leaves Marlene Dietrich pretty well in control of events—far more observably in control, for instance, than Fritz Lang, who merely directed the picture. When Miss Dietrich is on hand the interest rises. When she disappears it sinks. Without her even the competent Arthur Kennedy can't do much with the film's familiar histrionics. But the Dietrich histrionics are her own and she does what she likes with them and with the picture.

The film uses as a combination musical background and commentary a lugubrious though hearty ballad about a western hero who sets out to discover the murderer of his true love, and finds him, and does him in. The hero (Arthur Lake) finally runs his quarry to ground at Rancho Notorious, a picturesque desert resort under the management of La Dietrich. The establishment is run for the benefit of local bandits and for 10 per cent of the take the proprietress feeds and shelters her guests and sings for them in the evenings. The picture ends, as it was bound to, with practically the whole personnel of Rancho Notorious lying dead on the floor.

It's unfortunate that Miss Dietrich doesn't appear until the film is almost a third over. When she does turn up however, looking slightly rattled but still indestructibly beautiful, things pick up and "Rancho Notorious" becomes worth looking at.

IN "PAULA" Loretta Young has a loving husband (Kent Smith) and a dazzling wardrobe, but just the same she has a terrible time, poor girl. First she loses her baby in the hospital and then, distracted by the thought of a childless future, she runs over an orphan. As though that weren't bad enough she contrives to lay herself open to a criminal charge as a drunken hit-and-run driver. She didn't hit and run of course, and she wasn't drunk; she was just the victim of a screen-writer determined to wring the most from Miss Young's talent for looking beautiful when she cries.

As it turned out, she didn't kill the orphan. She just injured him in a way that deprived him of the power of speech; which, when you consider the awful things that screen-children are called on to say in crises of this sort, was probably the luckiest thing that could have happened to him. It makes a long story and there was scarcely a point in it when a sensible explanation from the heroine mightn't have straightened everything out. But that, I'm afraid, would have stopped the plot dead in its tracks.

SHOWTIME IS AFTER CHURCH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

There have been some rumblings of discontent that McLuhan has taken away, with his unconventional methods, young people from other and more staid churches.

The answer to this is twofold.

First, members of the Alpha Omegas are drawn mostly from young people who had drawn away, through lack of interest, from either Deer Lodge United or their own church.

Second, to join the club there is no requirement of membership to Deer Lodge United. But there is one unwritten and rigidly observed law that all those attending the club sessions on Sunday night must first attend their own church service.

"They can go to any church they want—but they must go to church," says the Deer Lodge minister.

Furthermore, in attending Deer Lodge, or their own church, before attending the Sunday night sessions, McLuhan thinks the teen-agers are put in the mood for worship. "The religious mood comes first, and whatever comes after that is in the aura of worship," he declares.

THE HISTORY of the Alpha Omegas goes back to three years ago when McLuhan accepted a "call" to Deer Lodge from the United Church at Keewatin. One of the first things his Board of Directors did was to tell him there were too few young people attending worship. They asked him to do something about it.

McLuhan, who never takes a roundabout course if there is a direct route, decided to go where the young people went on Sunday night. The Community Club was the only place. He approached the youthful officers and asked them to transfer the club to Deer Lodge United Church on Sunday nights.

"I just hadn't been going to church for a long time and I'd lost interest," says George "Jeep" Woolley, now the president of the group, "but I put it up to the boys and girls and they decided to give it a whirl. Now we're all enthusiastic, and the Alpha Omegas means exactly what it says . . . we're with God from the beginning to the end."

Joyce Healey, 18, has been a member for just a year, and she says that, frankly, she went because she'd lost interest in her own church, and her girl friend invited her to join the Deer Lodge club.

Ken Williams, 21, another original member, is now teaching Sunday school.

"The Reverend is so straightforward and simple," chimes in Jeep. "What we get the most out of is his stories taken from everyday life."

THE COMMUNITY CLUB just doesn't bother to open on Sunday any more. There's nobody interested in going, and even the skating rink is deserted in the evening.

Once the club got started, the members looked around at the smaller organizations of adults—the ladies' aid and others—and measured their own financial support of the church against what they, with their large numbers, were doing. The balance was against them, so they immediately got busy.

Since then the young people, as money-raisers, have gone to town. They've held teas and a theatre night, and for their annual dinner and dance they've pledged themselves to an attendance of at least 300 in the local school at $3 a head, the ladies' aid to supply the food gratis. They are hoping to turn over at least $1,000 to the church building fund by this method.

No doubt some of the parents are going to have to fork over the $3, but few of them are going to complain. They've all found that since the Alpha Omegas came into being homes have been happier. One mother phoned McLuhan the other day to tell him that she had an entirely different boy on her hands. He had, somehow, been afraid of everything before he joined the group. When he drove the car, he was afraid of an accident. Always there was a worry at the back of his mind. Now he seemed to have an emotional bedrock on which to anchor.

It has been the experience of the group that when a speaker comes out to address them, or sing to them, or play for them, he has become a firm friend who has gone out of his way to help them.

Their No. 1 honorary member is Don Carlos, the proprietor of a popular roadside night club. Don (real name Charlie Mazzone) has been instrumental in getting topflight acts for them on Sunday night, and he has invited the members to his club for Saturday afternoon jam sessions.

McLuhan was born a Baptist in Edmonton but went over to the United Church and became a minister because—not that he admits it himself—United Church methods are a little more free-wheeling. He came to Winnipeg as a young man, and started at the University of Manitoba, later deciding on the ministry. Then came the University of Toronto and Emmanuel College. Before taking his degree, he spent a year cycling through Europe. He attended the Sorbonne, then returned to Canada, where he worked for the Ford Motor Company at Windsor. He finished his study for the ministry in Winnipeg.

BEFORE he took his first church in Binscarth in 1943, he married Bryda Rae King, a member of Orson Welles' Mercury Theatre, and a featured player in the play that starred Canada Lee, "Native Son."

He went to Keewatin, Ont., in 1946, and the Deer Lodge United Church experiment began when he became minister there in 1949. Always looking for a chance to be of more service, he once went to the University of Michigan for a course in Pastoral Counselling. This included a term as a hospital worker, so he would have a better approach to the problems of patients.

Deer Lodge United Church is still in the process of construction, and its young people already more than fill it. They meet on Wednesdays as well as Sundays, taking brooms and mops to keep the church clean.

And they are all sure of one thing. Although the Sunday night entertainments are fun, it is the church fellowship that is really holding them together.

If their minister never takes anything for granted, neither do they.

"He's quite a guy," says Jeep, and "amen" say the others with complete but happy reverence.

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BOOK REVIEWS

NOW THAT SCHOOL IS OUT

"Wake of the West Wind"
CHAPTER HEADING

WAKE OF THE WEST WIND—by George E. Tait—*Ryerson*—$3.00.

by John Paul

A CANADIAN story-teller, artist and educationist, George Tait dedicates this story to the memory of Tom Thomson, the great Canadian artist who was drowned in Canoe Lake, Algonquin Park, on July 8, 1917. The dedication is appropriate for it is the tale of a Bob MacPherson who likes to draw and manages to overcome his father's opposition. (Tom Thomson's career was much along the same lines.) "I had hoped that my son would turn into a real man instead of a little sissy messing around with silly drawing."

The story setting is Muskoka where the Macphersons operate a camping-&-guide business. The tale unfolds with a sensitivity for the natural beauty of Muskoka, which touches the young hero, and exciting episodes such as fighting a woods fire and tracking an angry bear. The climax of the story fully vindicates the young painter. The author's drawings enhance this study of a Canadian boy's life. For young people 11-15.

TEN LITTLE NIGGER BOYS—by Nora Case—*Clarke, Irwin*—$0.85.

■ In a delightful combination of rhyme and illustration the old jingle receives a fresh presentation. But this time there are ten little nigger girls with the ten little boys—and each group progressively loses one when an ambitious member steps out.

Ten little nigger girls
Dressed so fine.
One goes to Paris
And then there are nine.

This is a peep-show book to tickle 3 to 5-year-olds.

LADYCAKE FARM—by Mabel Leigh Hunt—*Longmans, Green*—$3.00.

■ A charming and heart-warming family story of a Negro family with white and Negro neighbors—and how races *can* get along together in school, at play and as grown-ups. For 10-15.

RIM ROCKED—by E. D. Mygatt—*Longmans, Green*—$3.25.

■ Boys 12-16 will find out in this story how to work a Wyoming ranch, just as Dave and Stuart did. They will learn about prospecting with geiger counters, will meet veteran miners, cattle rustlers, ranch animals and wild animals. It is an exciting report of life on the farm, in the mountains and on the trail.

SOUTHPAW FLY HAWK—by Addison Rand—*Longmans, Green*—$3.00.

■ For boys 12-16 who like baseball and would like reading about the career of a young lad who starts as a good player on a small team and heads for the top in the big league.

HENRY HARE—by Dorothy Clewes—*Clarke, Irwin*—$0.95.

■ In a delightful little format, an animal story for youngsters 6-8.

—Nora Case
"TEN LITTLE NIGGER BOYS"

THE PERFECT PEST — by Glenda Spooner — *Clarke, Irwin*—$2.25.

■ This is a story that should delight young and old. The elements are a young girl, a horse that becomes the important complement to her enthusiasms, a family that is woven into her life, and the relaxed atmosphere of an English home.

WE LIVE IN THE SOUTH—by Lois Lenski—*Longmans, Green*—$2.75.

■ Children 7-10 will here find four short stories of adventure. Each is about a different boy and girl living a strange life in the Deep South.

ANIMALS STRANGE AND RARE—by Richard Ogle—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.75.

■ This book ranges over the entire world for reports on rare creatures of land, sea and air. Boys and girls 12-16 will here find eye-popping facts (and pictures) about all manner of birds and beasts that they'll never find in a school geography.

DANCING TIME—by S. N. Coleman—*Longmans, Green*—$3.00.

■ A handsomely illustrated volume of simple but effective dances, suited to the nursery school, kindergarten and first grade. The piano arrangements are easy for the person of limited musical knowledge and with rhymes appealing to children. Dance ideas come from the illustrations *(see cut for "The Farmer Hoes His Garden").*

MY LOVE IS A GYPSY—by Neta Lohnes Frazier—*Longmans, Green*—$3.25.

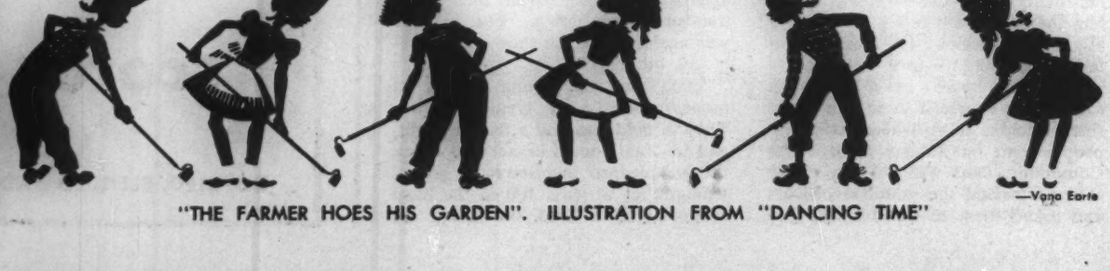
■ For girls 12-16, about a young girl's exciting summer when she unexpectedly is called upon to provide for the family: running a farm and an old fruit stand, nudging some mystery during the period.

PEANUTS FOR BILLY BEN—by Lois Lenski—*Longmans, Green*—$2.75.

■ Billy Ben helped his folks grow, hoe, harvest and shell peanuts. He was a pretty important young fellow in the operation of the farm and the telling of just how important he was makes a lively tale of adventure. For boys 7-10.

SOUTH SEA ADVENTURE—by Willard Price—*Longmans, Green*—$3.50.

■ The author was born in Canada and spent his boyhood here but the rest of his life has been spent as world-travelling journalist. Those experiences stand him in good stead for such a story as this one for boys 12-15. His report on two young modern Robinson Crusoes on a deserted —or was it?—Pacific island is exciting and the details are authentic. The marooning and subsequent events



—Vana Earle
"THE FARMER HOES HIS GARDEN". ILLUSTRATION FROM "DANCING TIME"

(including hurricanes, fights with sharks and swordfish) climax the young men's voyage on the schooner *Lively Lady*. Their assignment was given them by an aquatic collector: "to bring back the strangest things from the Seven Seas."

EDWARD, HOPPY AND JOE—by Robert Lawson—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.25.

■ Children 6-10 will get a kick out of a new animal combination who cavort through the pages of a full-length story and illustrations by the author. The three friends are Edward Rabbit, Hoppy Toad and Joe Possum. The "boys" seek practical education and run into a maze of fun; their experiences are delightfully told in word and picture.

THE HAPPY TREE—written and illustrated by Helen Haywood—*Ryerson*—$2.00.

■ An oak-tree tells its autobiography from birth as an acorn to noble old age. For children 8-11.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS—simplified version by Ronald Fuller—*Clarke, Irwin*—$1.25.

■ The classic is re-told in a shorter version for young readers 9-13.

—Lois Lenski

"PEANUTS FOR BILLY BEN"

Writers & Writing

SOME of the bookish do not like to read plays. We do. So—happily—we received, from Samuel French, copy of popular DOROTHY CHRISTIE and husband authored "His Excellency"—the play.

Would-be producers will find more-than-average number of stage directions, diagrams, property lists, lighting helps in its pages. In fact a director might have a difficult time going astray—providing he had an adequate cast—oh yes!

■ How local and personal can you be and strike box-office in writing books? Answer seems to be "plenty." Met an American magazine man, living in Toronto, who claimed he enjoyed BILLY BUTTON'S "I Married an Artist" — without knowing much about Canada, Billy, Toronto or the people she wrote about.

■ First Television Script Writing Course to be given at a Canadian University took place at the University of Toronto in co-operation with

—Robert Lawson

"EDWARD, HOPPY AND JOE"

CBC Television Service, from June 16 to 27.

Urbane GILBERT SELDES, of New York, Course Director, ran through TV techniques in the manner of a best "Facts" program — information complete but smoothly blended with civilized humor. In Toronto for a Television Seminar, the week before, he and his long-haired little dog, wended their way from University Campus to dust of Jarvis Street, where the new Television Building is in process of being built but also in process of being used.

The whole set-up for TV is highly stimulating. The first new course and first new building may be "Symbolic props"—to air a TV term we picked up this week.

Lecture topics presented by Mr. Seldes included General Nature of TV — Physical — social — economic factors, Writing for Director, Drama: General (a) Dialogue, Daytime Serials, Half-hour Melodrama, Hour play—Structure—plot—character, Commercials, Continuities, Ethics and other things to do with Tomorrow's Television.

■ Apropos of talk about merits and demerits of Canadian students in realm of English a story is told:

"A student at Harvard, taking final examination for PhD in English, was asked to make a short criticism of some contemporary book he had read and liked. This was the first question to give him any trouble: he had been particularly good on Middle English; he said, after awhile, 'I don't believe I've read any contemporary books — at least not since I've been in college'."

—*Rica*

—Peter Burchard

"SOUTH SEA ADVENTURE"

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THEATRE

AN "ANGEL" FOR MUSICALS

by Peggy McCulloch

OIL and theatre seem far apart. When you visualize a President of an oil company, you don't automatically see a bland, silver-grey-haired man of 44 years. And you certainly don't expect such a President also to be President of Music Circus of Canada, Limited. But that's R. Stuart Lampard of Toronto.

He's called "Monty" because as a lad in his native London, England, he used to mimic a music hall comic, famous for his "Meanderings of Monty" routine . . . in which he never finished a sentence logically.

Lampard got into oil quite logically via the brokerage business; the Music Circus was more casual. Last year, on one of his frequent New York trips, he was asked by a stock exchange friend to lunch with Leighton Brill, associated with Rogers and Hammerstein productions. Brill was interested in musicals-in-the-round and was looking for a good summer spot and a financial "angel". Lampard's New York friend saw Toronto as the spot and Lampard as the angel.

By lunch end Lampard was sold. For one thing, he loves music. His grandmother was the well known concert pianist, Mary Jane Stuart (Mrs. Alexander Donaldson), and he'd studied with her for nine years; later the violin for four. In fact, the family had great hopes of turning him into a concert pianist too, until they finally faced the fact he had more talent for maths than music. Then, too, he has dabbled in theatricals—with Toronto Dickens Fellowship and Josephine Barrington group—and that is a fatal disease.

So back he came to Toronto and interested six other Toronto business men in raising the initial $75,000 needed. (At the end of the season they'd paid out closer to $100,000.) First came the "Hole" in the ground that is the circular amphitheatre; engineering costs, $10,000. The huge tent (Canadian-made) and the 1,600 chairs ran up another $20,000.

Certainly the six men weren't in it to make a quick killing, and they didn't. But what they hadn't expected — and Toronto pessimists said couldn't be done—was to more than clear operational expenses the first year. And they did.

The first show, "Song of Norway", ran ten nights and $10,000 in the red. The last show, "Show Boat", cancelled out the other in its two-week run. The second, "Brigadoon", broke even. By then "Melody Fair" caught on and most of the others showed a small profit. Capital expenditure is expected to be absorbed in five years.

SUMMERS will now be Lampard's busiest months—on the hobby side of his life. For as well as the "Melody Fair", there's yachting. In 1947 he and a few other Royal Canadian Yacht Club members decided to have a model designed specifically for Lake Ontario racing. They chose one by Sparkman and Stephens of New York, designers of *Ranger*, the Vanderbilt yacht that defeated Sopwith's *Endeavour* in the 1930's.

Six boats were built at Leaside, on outskirts of Toronto. They are 35 feet long and draw 5'6" of water. Lampard co-owns a black-hull one with William L. Less II of New York. They call it *Laurel* after Less's young daughter. Lampard is married but has no children.

Lampard attended Sir Walter St. John's school and a year at the University of London: then a junior position on the London stock exchange. In 1928 he asked for three months leave of absence to come and visit some school friends who had settled in Toronto. He thought while he was here he'd get some Canadian banking experience and joined the Dominion Bank. Then he found he liked Canada so well he decided to remain permanently. He was with the Montreal Trust Company (Toronto) before he went into the investment business. In 1933 he took the plunge and started on his own, along with a partner. About a year ago he retired from the firm and took on other interests, particularly oil and the Music Circus.

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FIRST ROUND WIN

FIGHT TO SAVE BC SALMON

by Charles Lugrin Shaw

THE SALMON are coming back to the Fraser River, and therein lies a fact of vast economic importance to British Columbia. Apart from the dollars represented by bigger packs of canned salmon, the recovery means that man is winning a battle for the survival of a resource which a few years ago seemed doomed.

Another cheering fact is the demonstration thus afforded that international cooperation in the field of conservation, when intelligently devised and fearlessly applied, can be brilliantly successful.

There was shocking justification for such cooperation. During the first decade of this century, the Fraser ranked among the world's great sources of food fish. More than a score of canneries prospered at the mouth of the river; packers and fishermen alike made fortunes, and tall-masted windjammers beat their way around the Horn each summer to load canned salmon cargoes.

Then came the great decline—hardly perceptible at first. The Fraser River, to which the famed Sockeye salmon migrate in four-year cycles to spawn and reproduce their breed, lies wholly in BC, but the fishery is international because on their way to the river many of the fish pass through U.S. waters. The situation provided a wonderful incentive for ruthless competition between Canadian and U.S. fishermen.

Biologists foresaw the danger of over-fishing and sounded the alarm, but it fell on a preoccupied audience. The scramble for the dwindling salmon runs was on. Not until 1913, when a rockslide occurred at Hell's Gate, 120 miles from the mouth of the Fraser, where the waters plunge through a narrow gorge, did the exploiters begin to realize the seriousness of the threat. The rockslide had all but blocked the channel used by the migrating salmon. The annual salmon pack plunged from 2,400,000 cases in 1913 to less than 600,000 cases in the next cyclic year.

IT WAS A desperate and disheartening situation. To everyone except those who seemed most directly concerned financially, it was clear that if a remedy were to be found it lay in drastic conservation measures, for which Canada and the U.S. would be jointly responsible. But it wasn't until 1937 that the two nations finally agreed to the treaty forming the International Pacific Salmon Fisheries Commission.

Time was running out, and so were the salmon, but the commission, comprising Canadians and Americans, realized it would first have to obtain the factual background on which to lay its long-term plan. Eight years were devoted to study, and then the commission was empowered to move fast—build fishways at Hell's Gate to clear the passage and enforce fishing regulations. Last year's experience provided the first genuine test of the fishways' efficacy, and it was impressive. The Sockeye salmon pack was the biggest, on a cyclic year basis, since 1903! And more than $8 million worth of fish, it was estimated, were from spawning grounds that had been rendered virtually barren a few years ago by the slide.

The fishways alone did not bring about the almost startling improvement. The commission has autocratic powers, which it does not hesitate to use when necessary, to safeguard the incoming salmon migrants. Scientific research has shown with amazing accuracy just when the salmon bound for certain spawning areas in the Fraser's headwaters and lake system are likely to be passing through waters outside the river. By controlling the commercial fishing—telling the fishermen how and when they may operate—the commission is able to permit ample escapement into the river and up to the spawning grounds. This laborious but wonderfully rewarding procedure has resulted in the restocking of lakes and river beds that were once virtually alive with fish.

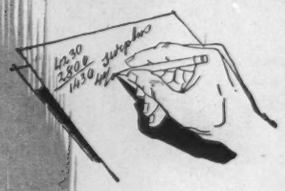
"IN SPITE of all we do, we will have bad years along with the good," said an outstanding salmon authority recently. "But we are gradually drawing aside the curtain which for many years hid the vital story of the salmon."

Today, the fishing industry of BC, which contributes more than 40 per cent of all Canada's fish revenue, believes with the scientists that the battle of the Fraser River salmon, so far as rebuilding the resource is concerned, is being won. Its overriding fear is that there may be a new danger to the industry in the head-on collision between their interests and those of waterpower development sparked by the Province's industrial boom.

BC therefore faces the danger that the fruits of international cooperation as represented by man's assistance to nature may wither on the vine as a result of man's interference with nature through power development. Yet no one—not even excepting the fishing industry—wishes to throw a barricade against the inevitable march of industry depending on cheap waterpower. Somehow, the two interests must be reconciled, and engineers who have studied the question believe it can be done, providing there is the same degree of cooperation between power and fish groups as there has been between Canadians and Americans engaged in the same industry.

Both groups represent a tremendous potential in an economic sense. Well publicized has been the enormous investment of the power industry in BC. Not so well known is the estimate that the salmon industry would have produced a billion dollars' worth of fish if it had not suffered the Hell's Gate disaster and had been able to sell a "normal" pack during the intervening years at today's prices. BC packed more than $60 million worth of salmon last year.

Q *How Can I Start An Investment Programme?*



A *By Planned Savings Through Life Insurance.*

The basis of an investment plan in most cases should be life insurance. It meets in a sound and regular way the real objectives of investment — savings for the future, a retirement income and money for your family should anything happen to you. What is more, life insurance achieves these ends economically and without worry or risk. Discuss with a Mutual Life of Canada representative a life insurance investment plan for your future.

THE MUTUAL LIFE of CANADA
HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO, ONTARIO
Protect while you save
EST. 1869

MM-22

BEATING THE BURGLARS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

the procedure of notification and proof of loss. That is one reason why personal policy floater insurance rates have gone up in recent years. The Canadian Inland Underwriters' Conference sets these rates.

Burglary insurance policy rates haven't gone up recently, but most companies are operating pretty close to the optimum at present rates, says Holland.

Most people who have taken out residence burglary policies are usually well covered on items on which an agreement as to valuation has been reached between the company and the householder. But it is on the "unscheduled" items that they are usually undervalued, say insurance men.

Most stores find it cheaper to recover their losses with adequate insurance protection than to go in for elaborate protection services and devices. In some cases, a recognized protection service of some kind is called for in their policy, however. Outside of a few types of stores—mostly jewelry and fur—that are "target" areas, burglars go after store safes.

Even the most modern-type safe is usually only a deterrent to an expert burglar, and some of the so-called safes in use today were meant only to keep valuables safe from fire, not to keep out burglars, says Mr. West. Some burglars would rather enter a house or store where there is a regular protection system or watch service, because then they know exactly what they're up against, and are less likely to run into the unexpected.

For householders who are leaving their homes for the summer, Chief Chisholm has a word of advice:

Store valuable jewelry and securities in a safety deposit box; lock up windows and doors carefully; leave a forwarding address; have one of your neighbors check the house periodically—and remove any newspapers and handbills from the veranda (such accumulation is a definite indication that the premises are unoccupied and might attract the attention of prowlers).

Insurance men would add:

Have someone mow the lawn occasionally; be sure to stop paper and milk deliveries; don't forget to lock the milkbox—it's a common way of entry for thieves.

A VERY THOROUGH account of the burglar's eye view of the situation is given in a book recently published entitled "My Life In Crime", the autobiography of a professional criminal, reported by John Bartlow Martin (Musson—$3.50).

In what is practically a handbook for burglars, he tells how to use the extension brace and bit, the extension ladder, a sharpened automobile spring leaf, a knife-edged Stillson wrench, and even a large silk cushion for entering a house.

The best protection against burglars, he says, is noise. Even a small dog will attract enough attention with his barking to scare off a burglar.

The next best protection is light—not just one light in the hall, but a few spotted throughout the house. As he says, electricity is cheap, and if all the lights are out, it's practically inviting a burglar in.

Martin's burglar has a few well-chosen words about the best time to commit a burglary. If he sees a family at the beach for the afternoon in a swank car, he takes the licence number. He knows the man will probably leave his money home, and the wife her jewelry. He checks back on the licence number, finds the owner's name and address, and he's off, after a telephone call to make sure there are no servants about.

SUNDAY MORNING is a good time for a burglary, he says, as the family is at church. He finds maids, garbage men and delivery boys useful people to cultivate an acquaintance with. They can tell him a lot about what goes on inside the houses of the rich.

Another gimmick that allowed him to strike with unerring accuracy at the homes of those with the most valuable property is exposed by Martin's burglar. He bribed the janitor of a burglar insurance company, who allowed him to have a look at the itemized list of where the company's customers kept their valuables, and just exactly what they had in their houses.

Tradition Counts

The Royal Hamilton Light Infantry
(Wentworth Regiment)

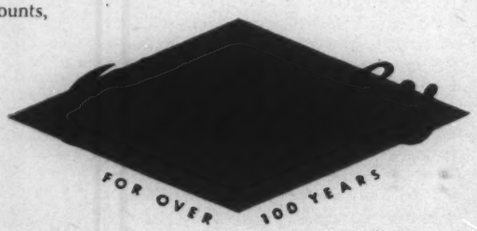
One of Canada's oldest regiments, the R.H.L.I. was organized in 1862 and only four years later was on active service. In World War II the R.H.L.I. won lasting fame in the memorable attack on Dieppe.

The glorious record of the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry proves that . . . TRADITION COUNTS.

Shown is a Sergeant in the full-dress uniform worn between the Great Wars. For a limited time only, a full-colour reproduction and short history of the regiment may be obtained free by sending your name and address (please print) to:

Dept. B-137, Tradition Counts,
O'Keefe House, Toronto.

O'KEEFE'S BREWING COMPANY LIMITED



DOW CHEMICAL OF CANADA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

To utilize this hydrogen, Dow in 1951 constructed an ammonia unit which is now producing anhydrous and aqua ammonia marketable for use in explosives, cooling fruits, dyes, resins and fertilizers.

But the chain reaction produces an inevitable result. Mr. Scott put this quite succinctly: "Somewhere during plant expansion you're going to run out of raw materials." This has already happened to Dow, which is undergoing extensive expansion to catch up with raw material demands. One of the most ambitious is the construction of a new styrene monomer unit to be in operation this fall. The unit will cost, when completed, something like $4 million, and may lead to the production of other Dow plastics besides Styron in Canada.

Also under construction is a three and one-half million dollar unit for the production of ethylene. With raw materials assured, Dow's new $1.5 million unit expansion for producing plastics will be in operation in the near future.

There is still other expansion underway; a new chlorine unit at the cost of $2 million is under construction.

ALL THIS rapid growth has required a lively sales force and promotion department to keep markets alive to Dow products.

Dow has also an impressive record in the export market. Polystyrene, the chemical name for Styron, is also produced by Monsanto in Montreal. The combined production of the two companies was greater than Canada could consume. Dow therefore, turned to the foreign markets so aggressively that they obtained 40 per cent of the export requirements. Styron is shipped regularly to some 50 countries. Dow-Canada's success in selling Styron in export markets was an influential factor in the decision of their parent company in the U.S. to form two new subsidiary companies — Dow Inter-American Limited, and Dow International Limited.

In Canada, Dow is selling Styron to more than 70 plastic moulders and fabricators, who range in size from very large corporations down to firms where the owner operates the moulding machine. Dow has played a most active part in the promotion of Styron for housewares, wall tile, packaging and industrial uses. A technical service division, under the direction of Robert Linton, assists customers in everyday technical problems, as well as aiding them in the design and development of new applications for Styron.

Plastics are almost entirely a development during the last decade, although celluloid was discovered as long ago as 1869 by John Wesley Hyatt and Isaiah Smith Hyatt of Albany, N.Y., who made it by mixing camphor and cellulose nitrate. It was used to make billiard balls. The industry grew tremendously during World War II but 85 per cent of the plastics produced in the U.S. went into military use. Because of the small amount available for civilian purposes during this period, there were some misapplications of plastics.

Dow, since 1946, has invested very heavily in various programs designed to build up consumer confidence in Styron. The expansion of the company's technical service facilities, educational programs aimed at the moulder, retailer and consumer, were just some of the facets of this program. As John Brook, Dow's Assistant General Sales Manager, explains it: "We had to break down the 'substitute prejudice' and promote Styron as a material in its own right. We are doing this by promoting odd design and softer, more attractive colors. We want to get away from the garish primary colors usually associated with early plastics merchandise."

To this end, Dow has set up a color laboratory which undertakes to match and produce plastic in any shade the manufacturer requires. This has led to wider and wider use of plastic in radio cabinets, refrigerators, automobile fittings, wall tile, housewares, toys, and especially in the attractive packaging of other goods. In addition to its color consultants and technical service sales department, the company's merchandising division is continually advising buyers across Canada of the new items made of Styron by Dow customers.

Brook believes that the continuation of the public's acceptance will result in the eventual production of other Dow plastics at Sarnia: one is Styrofoam, an insulating material that looks like snow, but is stiff, boardlike and light as balsa wood. It is also used as a sculpturable display material. Another is saran, used to make plastic for automobile seat covers, window filament woven by the textile industry, screening and luggage. Its latest development is for furniture, both in the home and garden. It is grease-proof and wears indefinitely. The color goes right through each fibre, and thus needs no painting or dyeing.

THE POSSIBLE production of Styrofoam and saran here is just one of the directions that Dow's expansion takes in Canada. Dow's philosophy is to build plants in Canada to supply the market for all Dow materials that are sold in sufficient quantities in this market to justify production in Canada. The company is manned almost exclusively by Canadian personnel, thereby firmly promoting its Canadian character.

To appeal to what Brook calls "the adulthood of Canadian taste," Dow has commissioned Canadian artist Grant Macdonald to paint some of the company's operations and to depict the industries to which the company sells, for use in its advertising campaign.

It is a fascinating story how from the two cheap, abundant raw materials, light hydrocarbons and salt, Dow-U.S. has produced some 600 chemical products. This gives quite a bit of scope to Dow-Canada, whose continuous expansion and aggressive promotion has undoubtedly had its effect on Canada's sky-rocketing economy.

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1807
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OF LONDON, ENGLAND

RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY
as at 31st of December, 1951

Paid-up Capital	$ 10,050,000
General Reserve Fund	9,000,000
Profit and Loss Account	3,319,245
Subsidiaries' Reserves	313,731
Life Assurance and Annuity Funds	126,954,003
Sinking Fund and Capital Redemption Fund	5,897,943
Fire Insurance Fund	3,732,888
Accident Insurance Fund	6,654,384
Marine Insurance Fund	5,751,246
	$171,673,440
Uncalled Capital	6,169,854
	$177,843,294

PREMIUM INCOME, 1951

Fire	$ 8,582,220
Accident	16,730,433
Marine	4,619,976
	$ 29,932,629
Life Assurance and Annuity Premiums	21,626,796
Consideration for Annuities	1,210,077
Sinking Fund Premiums	324,813
Consideration for Annuities—Certain	199,416
	$ 53,293,731

Based on $3.00 to the £

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Company of Canada

68th CONSECUTIVE DIVIDEND

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of thirteen and three-quarter cents per share, being at the rate of 5½% per annum, has been declared on the paid-up capital stock of the Company, for the quarter year ending June 30th, 1952, payable July 15th, 1952, to shareholders of record at the close of business June 30th, 1952. By order of the Board.

J. WILSON BERRY
President & General Manager

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U.S. BUSINESS: The "Swing to Europe"

FARM MACHINE EXPORTS HIT

by R. L. Hoadley

NORTH AMERICAN farm machinery producers have been set back on their heels by a top-level decision of the Argentine Government. American and Canadian farm implement makers have been basking in the sun of a healthy Latin American business for a number of years. Now Argentina has suddenly kicked over the traces. The result: United States and Canadian producers will get only $16 million of the $42 million in farm machinery that Argentina plans to import in 12 months beginning July 1.

The manufacturers have been told by Argentine officials that purchases of farm machinery will be largely diverted to Europe during the next 12 months. This "swing to Europe" is to take place in a market that has been dominated by North American firms despite a severe dollar shortage.

An official of one of the large U.S. implement firms supplied the following breakdown of Argentina's decision to issue import licenses for the $42 million of imports. Only $16 million will come from the U.S. and Canada. Germany will get $14 million, British firms will receive $7 million and the French will get $4 million.

Harassed Argentine officials have tried repeatedly to get the Export-Import Bank in Washington to finance imports of farm machinery with around $20 million that is expected to be left over from the $125 million credit secured from the Bank two years ago. That loan, it will be recalled, was authorized to give Argentina the dollar exchange needed to liquidate its backlog of commercial debts owed U.S. bankers and exporters.

The Export-Import Bank turned down the proposal for a number of reasons. A long drought has had an adverse effect on the Argentine economy. Large trade deficits have been run up with the dollar area and with European countries. The two-way trade with Brazil has been disrupted by wheat crop troubles. Equally important has been the Government's failure to release dollar exchange for remittance of the profits of subsidiaries of American concerns with branches in Argentina.

MEANWHILE, the National Industrial Conference Board has made a survey which shows that since World War II the American farmer has been engaged in an industrial revolution of his own. In 1951, the Board notes, his purchases of farm machinery hit an all-time peak of $3 billion. This figure was more than five times purchases in 1940 while total expenditures for agricultural machinery from 1940 through 1951 were three times greater than for any 12-year period preceding 1940.

The number of tractors on farms has jumped from 1.5 million in 1940 to 4.5 million currently. Grain combines have almost quintupled and mechanical corn pickers today total 550,000 compared with 110,000 in 1940.

There has also been a marked trend toward fewer but larger farms. Since 1940 the number of farms has decreased from 6.1 million to 5.3 million while the average has grown from 175 acres to 215 or 25 per cent. Farms output has risen by one-third since 1940. Under the impact of the machine age, holdings have been concentrated and cultivation per acre has been greatly intensified.

INSURANCE

Grounds for Damages

by L. D. Millar

MRS. BROWN and her neighbor Mrs. Smith were enjoying afternoon tea and the family cat was peacefully dozing before the fire, when young Bill Brown burst into the room accompanied by a pal with his dog. In terror, the frightened cat climbed on top of the visitor's head and from this vantage point proceeded to do battle with the dog. The clawing cat inflicted permanent injuries to Mrs. Smith's face and hands. She sued the Browns and collected $500 damages.

The above is an actual case and by no means a rare one. People are not only responsible for any injury or damage pets may do, but are also liable at law for the actions of minor children.

Moreover, with the ownership of a home comes the responsibility to see that it is kept in safe condition. A charwoman asking damages of $5,550 for injuries suffered when she fell on a slippery floor in the home where she was working was awarded $1,500. A jury decided that total damages amounted to $3,000 but held that the charwoman had been partly responsible for the accident and therefore had to assume a share of the loss.

In spite of many such claims, the average citizen does not fully realize that the ownership of a home, a dog, a bicycle or a set of golf sticks may lead to a damage suit. If a boy on his way to the grocer's on his bicycle runs into someone, his parents may be sued. If a partner is hit in a friendly game of golf, it may lead to a lawsuit.

Such damage suits are not covered by a personal property floater policy or by a householder's policy. Two types of insurance are on the market for protection. One, called "residence liability insurance," covers responsibility for pets and for accidents arising out of the ownership, or lease or maintenance of the home and actions of children while at home. Another policy, "personal liability insurance," is broader, covering not only legal liability for any mishap around the home, but outside as well, including any accident in recreation.

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

DIVIDEND NOTICE

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a dividend of seventy-five cents per share on the Ordinary Capital Stock was declared in respect of the year 1952, payable in Canadian funds on August 1, 1952, to shareholders of record at 3 p.m. on June 24, 1952.

Of this dividend twenty-five cents is attributable to railway earnings and fifty cents to other income.

By order of the Board.
FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, June 10, 1952.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 262

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per share, plus an EXTRA FIVE CENTS per share, on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July 1952 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after FRIDAY, the FIRST day of AUGUST next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th June 1952. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board.
JAMES STEWART,
General Manager.

Toronto, 30th May 1952.

BURNS & CO. LIMITED

Dividend Notice

The third quarterly dividend of 50c a share on Class "A" and "B" shares of Burns & Co. Limited will be paid July 29th, 1952, to all shareholders of record as of July 8th, 1952.

National Trust Company Limited is the Transfer Agent with offices at Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver.

BURNS & CO. LIMITED,
R. J. Dinning,
President.

WORLD OF WOMEN

WHEN ARE YOU TOO OLD TO WORK?

by Margaret Ness

AT THE time Winston Churchill became War Prime Minister he was too old for the job. Too old on two counts. That is, according to present trends in most industries, many professions and even in the Civil Service. You're too old for hiring at 45 and you're expected to retire at 60 for women and 65 for men.

Yet look at the women over-45'ers in public life . . . Mrs. R. J. Marshall of Agincourt, Ont., our only woman delegate to last year's UN General Assembly . . . Mayor Charlotte Whitton of Ottawa . . . writer Mazo de la Roche, and so on. No one suggests they are too old for a new piece of work. And 70-year-old PM St. Laurent would never have become Prime Minister. He'd have had to retire five years ago.

What has happened to us that "old age" can begin at 45; that men and women are retired at the arbitrary chronological age of 60 and 65?

It's a complex problem. Pensions are perhaps the biggest single troublemaker. It seems paradoxical that an employee who contributes to a pension scheme—or if the firm generously bears the total brunt—may be jeopardizing his future working years. But pensions are based on statistics. And 45 seems to be the top age for new employees. Over that, calculated tables are out of kilter.

But compulsory retirement isn't part and parcel of pensions. So how have we come to accept 65 for men and 60 for women? I've asked social workers, insurance company managers, personnel managers. The answer is that no one knows.

Most likely it was wishful thinking. Over the years we've conditioned ourselves to pension-dreams of a few last years of leisure. Unions pushed for pensions. But medical science increased life expectancy. And then, wham! The high cost of living and dollar inflation have made retirement at any age a pipe-dream. Yet many firms have adopted compulsory retirement. Why?

PROBABLY a result of our worship of youth. We conceived the idea older workers weren't as good as the younger. The result: throw out the older generation. But recent surveys blow this idea sky-high. Oldsters have less absenteeism, a lower accident rate, less clock watching; they *can* be taught new tricks—as the war plants revealed.

And women haven't escaped. No matter how young they look, how well groomed, they can't outsmart their unemployment card with its "age" code. They're 45 just like the men and finding it hard to get jobs.

Then, too, they're asked to retire five years before their male co-workers. Probably intended as a gallant gesture originally. The poor old things need those extra years more than the virile men. But now it works a hardship. For one thing, women live longer. (Insurance companies even penalize women on this score by higher premiums on annuities.) Today a man of 65 can expect to live 13 more years; a woman, 15. So retirement at 60 means she has 20 more years—a quarter of her life—to live, and on what?

This whole unemployment question of older women was one of last year's projects sponsored by the National Council of Women and its affiliated societies. A questionnaire was sent to all local Trades and Professions Committees as a basis for a survey of industries in their area.

In her Annual Report, the National Chairman, Mrs. Roy Campbell of Regina, highlighted some of the local results:

Victoria Council interviewed 15 firms regarding their attitude towards employment of older women. Twelve claimed to have no objections. But this, according to Convener Mrs. J. Ethel Bruce, applied only to older women already employed. "When it comes to engaging a new worker, then the younger is considered more suitable," she reported. Pensions and store policy seemed the chief obstacles. "One large employer of women has to have permission from head office to employ anyone over 35."

The Montreal Committee surveyed 16 firms and independently came to the same general conclusions as the experts: "The unfavorable reasons given for not employing older women workers appeared to be the difficulty of assimilating them into pension plans and placement in suitable jobs."

—Wide World

TWO OLDER women at UN: Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt; Mrs. R. J. Marshall of Agincourt, Ont.

In Halifax the Convener of the local Committee, Jean MacArthur, represented the Council of Women on the Local Advisory Committee of the National Employment Service and took part in a "Provide a Job Campaign" radio broadcast. Through this many vacancies were filled.

The Local Council of Women of Toronto passed a resolution that they "make known to their affiliated organizations the need for a publicity campaign to bring to the attention of employers the contribution that can be made in the world of work by women over 35 years of age."

Edmonton Council felt that there were "definite signs of growing awareness that people in the higher age brackets must be permitted to work; that discrimination against hiring workers over 45 years amounts to an unfair practice.'"

So important does the Council consider this problem that it was one of the panel discussions at the recent annual meeting, held in Toronto. For their discussion leader they went right to a top authority—Ruth Hamilton, Advisor on Women's Employment, Unemployment Insurance Commission, Ottawa. She stressed the fact that the continuing increase of an aging population is creating a need for a drastic change in our employment policy. We are rapidly becoming a nation of older people. But where jobs are concerned, age should not be assessed chronologically but on health—which is influenced by living conditions and state of mind.

As she explained, an older person may not be doing as good work as he is capable of doing, through fear of compulsory retirement or of being fired. This gnawing fear may so affect him that he loses his job. And prospective employers will consider him too old. It's a vicious circle.

In some occupations, of course, shortages sweep age away. Nursing, for example. If you have illness in your family you don't ask the nurse you are fortunate enough to acquire if she's over 35. Teachers, too, fall into this category. Some cities, of course, have so many applicants they are choosy. Toronto won't hire a teacher over 35 and makes retirement compulsory at 62 for women and 65 for men. But in smaller and rural centres, teachers are at a premium and can teach as long as they and the local School Board wish. (Except for Newfoundland there is no provincial compulsory retiring age.) One Ontario kindergarten teacher just recently retired at 84. Thus the skilled and professional worker would seem to be better off. But too many older people are finding it difficult to get employment.

ECONOMICALLY—and leaving out the emotional aspect—we can't afford to toss over 33 per cent of our adult population into the discard. It means that the younger age group must assume an additional burden of taxes.

This point is well illustrated in "Date of Birth", a Department of Labor film by the National Film Board, on this older-age unemployment problem. It shows a cart in which are riding match-stick figures to represent the under-15-years group and the over 45's. The pushers are the middle group with jobs and paying taxes. Gradually more and more pushers grow older and climb in the cart. Finally the pushers just can't move it. Then some riders get out and go back to pushing. The cart gathers momentum. So it is with our economy. We just can't carry too many older unemployed. Why, back in 1871, this group was only 19 per cent of our population; by 1941 it was 31 per cent. And by 1975 it is estimated more than half our adults will be over 45.

Well, what is the solution? Lower the old age pension? That would just legalize the increased taxes on the pushers. No, the solution, everyone agrees, lies with educating the employers and the public to the need and the right of older people to work. Educate them to see that at no chronological age do you suddenly become an old crock. You're no less useful the day after your pension birthday than you were the day before. Take away the chronological age as an employment factor.

This was discussed at some length in the panel at the National Council of Women's meeting. It was pointed out that one of the biggest problems is getting the Government to do something about it. In fact, the Civil Service is one of the worst offenders. The panel felt that the whole question of the older woman employee should be pushed by women in general and moved that the Council be asked to continue its study again this year.

What has been done concretely so far? At Gov-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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FALSE FACE OF PROPAGANDA

NO TIME FOR CHILDHOOD IN RUSSIA

by Edward Crankshaw

ONE OF THE IRON LAWS governing unscrupulous propaganda is that it invariably attributes to the enemy camp the evils which flourish in its own.

Recently Moscow celebrated International Children's Day, and the broadcast harangues and newspaper articles for this occasion afforded a striking example of the working of this law. Nobody in his senses would deny that a very great deal has still to be done in the West before we can declare with an easy conscience that we have done all we can to give a good life to every child. But nobody with any knowledge of the facts can deny that we have done a great deal already, the amount varying from nation to nation, and that in respect of child welfare we are, the much-publicized Soviet creches notwithstanding, very much in advance of Moscow. It would be disgraceful if we were not.

And yet on International Children's Day, the Soviet propagandists saw fit to paint the condition of the children of Britain and America, to say nothing of France and Italy, in terms taken straight from Dickens and Charles Kingsley, terms which are long out of date, in the West, but still apply in some respects to the children of the Soviet Union.

Condemnation of the children of the workers everywhere to privation and suffering; denial of childhood itself, widespread hunger and poverty; brutal exploitation of the very young; rampant juvenile delinquency; high rate of child mortality; non-existent education—all these form the lot of the children of the West, according to *Pravda*.

All this is contrasted with the joyous life of Soviet children, expressed chiefly in terms of statistics of infant welfare — which make impressive reading unless it is realized that creches, day nurseries and all the rest are highly developed in Russia (though they nowhere begin to meet the demand) because almost every mother in Russia must work or go hungry.

I am not in the least suggesting that the Soviet picture of town life in the West is an exact image of Soviet reality—or that there are no slums in the West. Indeed, to our shame, there are. And the Soviet Union would be in a healthier state if its officials admitted the existence of slums in their own great cities, to say nothing of the countryside, and on a scale which in the West would seem like a nightmare from the past.

I am not in the least suggesting that life is invariably dreary and harsh for Soviet children. On the contrary, I know no country where love of and care for children is more marked than in Russia. But this is a feature of the Russian character, not of Government policy.

Normally the whole of Russian society is built up round the child, and when the mother must work, as ninety-nine times out of a hundred she must, the grandmother takes charge, does the shopping and the housework, cherishes the children, and rules the household with an iron hand—for the benefit of the children.

But there is another side. The Pioneers, junior organization of Soviet Youth, have palaces for their club-rooms—at least in the great cities. But each year over half a million children at the age of eleven are conscripted into the institutions of the Ministry of Labor reserve. There they receive technical training which may last from six months to two years, before being directed into jobs where juvenile labor is most urgently required, the first stage of a career not of their choosing. These children, during their initial training period, are well looked after and warmly dressed in uniform. But they live in barracks and may be directed where the State requires.

SOVIET EDUCATION has made great strides, but in many country districts even those children who have not been conscripted must leave school at eleven and start work, because the secondary school has not yet been built.

Quite recently there was a wave of complaints which reached even the official Press to the effect that many Komsomol members had never been to school at all, much less to a secondary school, for lack of buildings, for lack of teachers, or, more simply, for lack of boots or shoes. So that being a child in Russia, even a child with loving parents, is seen to be a chancey affair.

Not all children, however, have loving parents. The number of orphans in the Soviet Union is past computation. There have been so many hazards for their parents.

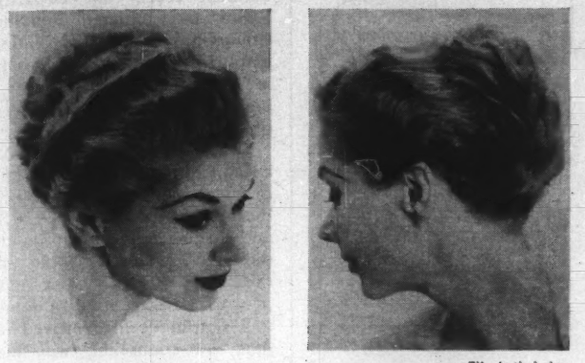
Days of the Besprisorny, when millions of Soviet children roamed the countryside in organized gangs, like wolf-packs, are over.

In 1935, all children over twelve became subject to the full harshness of the Soviet law, being liable to the same punishments, including death, as fully adult criminals. At the time unknown thousands of juvenile delinquents were rounded up and shot for rape, for arson, for murder, for all the violent crimes in the calendar.

That law still stands, although the death sentence is now retained only for treasonable offences (a wide range in the Soviet Union). Children over twelve are still treated like adults. And in the labor camps and prisons all over Russia there is a remarkably high proportion of boys and girls, above all boys, in their teens, already grown into hardened criminals. They have come where they are because their homes were broken up by war, or by police action, and they had nowhere to go but the streets.

—International

FASHION IN MOSCOW: Apparently even the Russians are not immune to the urge for new finery, for these photographs shows the latest fashions by Soviet designers. L. to r.: an evening dress in a new fabric called "Fashion Plush"; a silk dress, hand embroidered in wool; a silk pongee trimmed with embroidery. The two dresses that exhibit the native talent for embroidery are more apt to commend themselves to western eyes than the somewhat graceless dress shown at the left. But for Russian women even clothes such as these are out of reach of all but a favored few.



—Elizabeth Arden

THE "SEA SIREN" SUMMER HAIRDO

BEAUTY

DO IT THE EASY WAY

by Isabel Morgan

IF YOU CAN do it the easy way, why take the hard way? Almost invariably the easy way is the most efficient, time-saving way. You don't have to look far for ways to cut down time and effort spent on good grooming, because makers of beauty products are well aware that the modern woman has neither unlimited time nor the inclination to spend it on personal care. She wants results—quickly, effectively, easily, and here are some of the ways to get them:

Why not try a hairdo so simply and casually styled that it can be kept in shape with a few flicks of a comb? Fore and aft portraits of such a hairdo (it's called the "Sea Siren") are shown herewith. It's designed to keep pace with fashion's newest decree that coiffures be "longer than short". Notice how the silhouette sweeps back and up, with soft waves that end in a brushed-up chignon effect at the crown.

For all we know Cleopatra was as well aware as we are of the value of the egg shampoo in giving the hair extra special attention and a high gloss. Nobody enjoys the rather messy activities involved in breaking and beating up the eggs for a home shampoo. And it's no longer necessary, for now you can buy a shampoo made from fresh eggs. Comes in feather-weight plastic bottles with shining golden caps. The bottle won't break if dropped, and just the right amount of shampoo can be squeezed out for each application.

It's easier than ever to be dainty at all times. Almost all deodorants now come in plastic squeeze bottles that can be dropped without shattering into bits. And an even more recent development is the deodorant that, like some of the colognes, comes in "solid" stick form. Wonderful travellers, these.

Want a tiny waist the easy way? Do what the famous DuBarry Success School advocates. Sit on the floor. Spread the feet apart. Then touch the left hand to the right foot; then right hand to left foot, 25 times morning and night. It works.

A new treatment recently introduced in Canada by Helena Rubinstein is designed to make it easier to combat the tell-tale marks of time . . . puffiness, wrinkles, tiny surface lines. For best results salon treatment is recommended, supplemented at home with Contour Lift Film.

It's easy to extract full value from bath salts, bubbles, oil and so on. Place it in a dry tub directly beneath faucet and turn on the water full force. Preparations such as these not only make the water fragrant but also help to soften it, giving it greater cleansing power.

■ From 1871 to 1941, for Canada as a whole, the proportion of males never dropped below 51 per cent of the total population, whereas for Western Canada it varied between 53 per cent and 59 per cent.

■ Top teacher in BC is JESSIE MCDOWELL, named "the person who has done more for education in BC in 1951 than any other teacher." The citation carries $200 and the BC Teachers' Federation G. A. Ferguson Memorial Award. English-born Teacher McDowell of Vancouver's Lord Byng High School was President of Vancouver Secondary School Teachers' Association last year; retires this June from active teaching.

■ McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont., has graduated its first lady conservationist. NANCY HASTINGS of Toronto is the first woman grad of the conservation course, and possibly the first in Canada. Next September she leaves for England to spend a year on the staff of Cambridge University.

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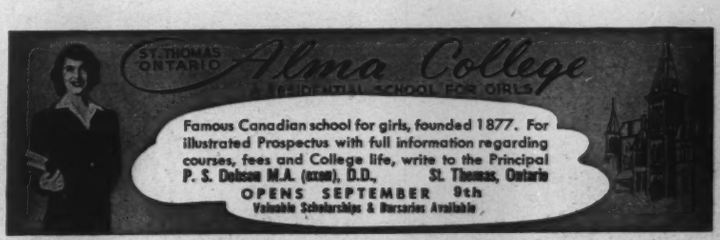
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

ernment level, the Department of Labor has initiated individual Job Counselling, under the National Unemployment Service. It was tried out in Toronto four years ago by psychologist Dr. W. G. Scott and a staff of four.

Older unemployed people can make an appointment with them; talk things over; get advice. In many cases, all the oldster needed was bucking up and turning his thoughts in other job directions. Most people doggedly think they have to work at the type of work they are used to doing. When this Toronto centre proved its value other job counselling was undertaken in Hamilton, London, Windsor and Ottawa. This Spring Dr. Scott went out to organize branches in Winnipeg and Vancouver; later the Maritimes will come into the fold.

But this is personalized counselling, in spite of the fact that in the first year the Toronto Counselling Service interviewed 1,138 persons, of whom 650 later secured employment.

The Welfare Council of Toronto has an Old Age Division under Mrs. Jean Good—which is doing good local work.

SOME industrial companies have made a start in helping the pensioned employee bridge the gap between active work and retirement . . . James E. Graham, Personnel Counsellor for Weston's, discusses all the ins-and-outs of this problem with Weston employees . . . and General Motors in Walkerville, Ont., has a series of discussions for its over-50 workers and their wives. But this, again, is individual and not a solution.

There are some sheltered workshops, where older people do saleable craft work. For example, there is one in Montreal under the auspices of the Jewish Vocational Service and one in Toronto under the Women's Patriotic League. In Charlottetown, Frances E. Johnston, Director of the PEI Arts and Crafts Guild, gives instruction in simple crafts and paintings at the provincial home for old people. But these can only serve a small group of unemployed.

NO, THE really hopeful sign that, eventually, something may be done to try and get at the root of the difficulty, lies in the awakening interest of such groups as the National Council of Women. For women have a habit of getting things done when they are aroused. And the women are definitely ready to take up cudgels for their older sisters. The Eastern Canada Region of the American Federation of Soroptomist Clubs has even plunked out a $1,500 fellowship for the study of gerontology. It went to Georgina Harper, Director of The Senior Club in Hamilton, Ont.

And this month, in Vancouver, President Allie Ahern of Halifax has "some work in hand re the employment question," to bring before her annual meeting of The Canadian Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

Yes, the women are on the march. The problem of the increasing unemployment among our older citizens will be solved—if it can be solved.

LIGHTER SIDE

"MY BEETS ARE BURNING"

by Mary Lowrey Ross

MY MOST RECENT poll—"How do you feel about Betty Hutton's decision not to appear at the Canadian National Exhibition?"—brought a number of varied opinions. With few exceptions, the individuals polled appeared to feel that the loss of Miss Hutton would be a distinct gain to Canadian culture.

"Why seek imported talent from the United States when we have any amount of first-rate talent in our own country?" demanded a Mr. Burbage.

"What I should like to see," he went on, "is a great spectacle based on the recommendations of the Massey Commission, with allegorical figures to represent Art, Literature, Education, Science, and a National Aquarium. I would also have the various provinces and the important departments of Government represented symbolically and displayed on floats."

I suggested that a grandstand spectacle on such a scale and at such a distance might be a little confusing to the public.

"For instance," I pointed out, "a public unaccustomed to symbolic representation might mistake the Department of Mines and Fisheries for, say, the Spirit of Architecture or of Creative Non-Fiction."

"That is a chance we will have to take in the interest of a wider Canadian culture," Mr. Burbage said.

A Mr. Dumble differed sharply from this point of view.

"Why look for talent in Canada when we can get first-rate imported talent from across the line?" Mr. Dumble demanded, "Certainly no one in this country could hope to approach the sheer volume of a Hutton performance."

"STRICTLY SPEAKING," he went on, "Miss Hutton's talent comes in three volumes—loud, super-loud and ear-splitting. She has probably the highest decibel rating on the entire continent. Until we can produce an artist who can create as much unaided noise on a public platform as Miss Hutton, it is chauvinistic nonsense to talk about the superiority of Canadian talent."

"Well I'm not quite sure," said a Mrs. Apps to whom I put the question. "Would Miss Hutton have brought her band?"

"I didn't know she had a band," I said.

"Oh yes she has," Mrs. Apps said, "She used to tour in vaudeville with it."

"You're probably thinking of Ina Ray Hutton," I said.

"That's right, Ina Ray Hutton," Mrs. Apps said, "Wasn't she the one who married Cary Grant? Well all I can say is that while it is probably very interesting to be married to Cary Grant, it isn't quite enough, in itself, to make up a grandstand spectacle at our Canadian National Exhibition."

"No, that wasn't Ina Ray Hutton, that was Barbara Hutton," I said "The one I'm speaking about is Betty Hutton—the singer who was to have been paid $50,000 with a percentage of the gate receipts."

"Oh *now* I remember," Mrs. Apps said, "And Mayor Lamport said she wasn't worth $50,000. I don't think that was very polite of him and I was glad he sent her a bunch of roses afterwards and offered to kiss and make up."

"That wasn't Betty Hutton," I said, "that was Mayor Whitton."

"OH," MRS. APPS said, and added after a pause, "Anyway I want you to know how much I enjoy your morning program on the air. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"I don't have a program on the air," I said.

"Isn't this a giveaway program?" Mrs. Apps asked.

"No," I said, "it's just an opinion poll to find out what—"

"Pardon me, my beets are burning," Mrs. Apps said, and rang off.

"There is no need for expensive imported talent," declared a Mr. Firbank, "The trouble with the Entertainment Committee is that it has no knowledge whatever of crowd psychology in relation to entertainment."

"They should stop and ask themselves, what is it that inevitably collects a crowd?" He went on, "The answer is, something simple, arresting, preferably unrehearsed. A street accident. A steam-shovel excavation. A police raid. A cat up a tree. A home permanent window demonstration. A warehouse on fire. Someone fishing for a quarter through a sidewalk grating. Give a crowd simple everyday entertainment with a Canadian flavor and you won't need costly imported talent."

I nodded. "You mean one of our own warehouses on fire. A Canadian cat up a tree. Someone fishing through a local sidewalk grating for a Canadian quarter."

"I was speaking figuratively," Mr. Firbank said, and added, "Fortunately conventional trapeze acts are always popular, since there is always the possibility of a bad accident."

A Mr. Zwieback declared he saw no reason for paying $50,000 to an imported entertainer when there were plenty of Canadians who would gladly contribute their services free.

"For instance I have a lecture on Modern Funeral Practices and the actual facts of Bodily Resurrection . . ."

"Pardon me," I said, "I'm afraid my beets are burning."

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CONCERNING FOOD

LOOK AT OUR EATING HABITS

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

THE NOON-HOUR JOSTLE for a niche at the soda fountain is all in the day's occupation of the downtown city toiler. And it's rather hard to break the news to these folk that they are a minority group in our fair domain since two-thirds of all Canadian families eat their noon meal at home. This means, for one thing, that the majority of housewives plan and serve three square meals a day.

A soup company has compiled an interesting survey on Canadian food habits, with special emphasis on the place soup occupies in the daily dietary. This survey goes far beyond the scope of when-did-you-last-serve soup and in its thoroughness comes up with some intriguing facts.

Architects and decorators might be interested in knowing that most families eat all their meals in the kitchen or breakfast nook. If you want statistics about meals served in the dining room here they are: breakfast 8 per cent, noon meal 18 per cent, evening meal 23 per cent. Looks as if kitchens should be more spacious with a comfortable dining area—more like the old-fashioned farm kitchen.

For discouraged appliance salesman there's still hope to sell more gas and electric stoves since more than one third of Canadian families use wood or coal ranges. Looking at this fact by geographic areas; three out of five families in the Maritimes, two out of five in Quebec and one-half of the families in the Prairies use a coal or wood range. This information ties in with the type of soup served in homes since the soup pot can bubble merrily on the back of the range, whereas gas or electric stove users favor canned soups.

WHAT DO YOU CALL MEALS other than breakfast? Luncheon or dinner, dinner or supper? More than half the families interviewed called the noon meal "dinner" and two thirds called the evening meal "supper". This varied geographically—British Columbia, for example, agreeing 81 per cent that the noon meal is "lunch" while Quebec is 81 per cent as emphatic that the noon meal is "dinner." Ontario is about equally divided on this score, with "lunch" winning the noon meal title by a slim margin.

Analyzed by groups the general trend in naming the noon and evening meals is that the larger the town, the larger the proportion of families calling the noon meal "lunch" and the evening meal "dinner". In rural nonfarm areas families follow the same eating habits as city families—suburbanites no doubt.

Soup is an important item in Canada's dietary—it is served in practically every home and on any day can be found in two out of five noonmeal menus and one out of four evening-meal menus. It is often part of a light meal in combination with a sandwich, a vegetable or a dessert. It is rarely served with a salad as it is in United States families.

Among the food patterns observed in this survey Canadian breakfasts seem to score reasonably well. The majority of families include fruit or juice, two thirds have hot or dry cereal and most everyone serves bread or toast. Two thirds drink coffee at breakfast and almost one half have eggs.

We Canadians have a greater proportion of our meals at home than our American neighbors. Perhaps the reason for this is that we have fewer housewives working outside the home—and larger families! Home cookin' is still the most important factor in the nation's health and economy.

Girl Guides' Camp

IF WE ARE TO DEVELOP a reasoning pride of country, what better way than to show the young the pattern, past and present of the Canada they live in?

The Canadian Council, Girl Guides Association feels so strongly on this subject that citizenship will keynote the national camp to be held this month (July 14-25) at Connaught Rifle Ranges near Ottawa. Twelve hundred teen-agers, 300 adult staff, from all parts of Canada, will attend. Twenty-six Guides and Girl Scouts representing Brazil, France, Great Britain, the Netherlands and the United States, will also be there.

The girls will see their national capital and learn some of its history and function in Canadian life. Canadian music and folklore, geography, explorers, will be woven into the camp theme. Advanced training in woodcraft, instructions in handicrafts and simple dramatics also will be given. Every girl is already an experienced camper with a pretty clear knowledge of how to live under canvas and cook over a trench fire.

"The Association has been in the business over forty years," says Mrs. J. W. Bishop of Ottawa, "and is quite aware that teen-agers have many interests that are anything but academic, but if some of the program soaks in and if, when the time comes, these youngsters take a more intelligent interest in their voting privileges, the venture will be worth the effort."

BRAIN-TEASER

A WORLD OF CHANGE

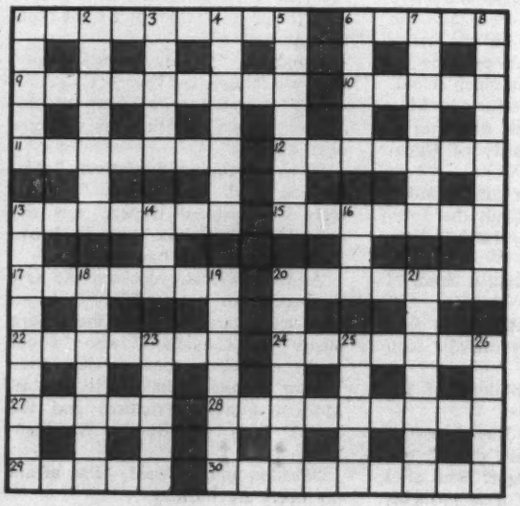
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1, 6 across. One way to make a sword hilt anagramatically. (3,2,4,5)
9. Revolver that shoots things ahead? (9)
10. My eye, what a nerve! (5)
11. He doesn't spend the beginning of the night on a Georgia road. (7)
12. One has pressed pork with it, perhaps. (3,4)
13. Titled chap, named by adverse circumstances. (7)
15. She turned out a derider of Willan's and Coulter's opera. (7)
17. "For persons rheumatic
Diversions . . . . . .
Are automatic
'ly out!" (7)
20. They must have been a drag on St. George! (7)
22. Begone, that which makes me cockeyed! (7)
24. Good, their charms won't affect you. (7)
27. Object of Hamlet's "play"? (5)
28, 6 across. As Gulliver might have remarked entering Lilliput. (3,1,5,5)
29. An earthquake is a 6 across shaking one. (5)
30, 6 across. A seven-years non-appearance could make you legally so. (4,2,3,5)

DOWN

1. Did he make a name with brush or pen? (5)
2. This reader doesn't need a mind of his own. (7)
3. She upset a friend and didn't get in. (5)
4. Yet if you took a day off here, it wouldn't be one. (7)
5. The sergeant has been three times. (7)
6. Wr
g (5)
7. Not working, as the result of a blow-out? (7)
8. It's a cert deans tip them! (9)
13, 6 across. He balances, naturally, on a revolving sphere. (1,3,2,3,5)
14. Frequently in poetry. (3)
16. But Gershwin's brother wrote his air differently. (3)
18. The wine flows from a broken cask. (7)
19. Bird that chases itself? (7)
20. Doesn't suggest "A Life on the Ocean Wave". (You might get a stiff breeze here). (4,3)
21. When reversed it's time for intermission at the play. (7)
23. "To rag" is undoubtedly slang. (5)
25. 1 down is prone to be this. (5)
26. You find the answer! (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Dominion Day
9. Lavallee
10. Panton
11. Xanadu
12. Obsessed
13. Departed
14. Oxygen
16. Espied
18. Redeemed
20. Confused
23. Hub-cap
24. Alpaca
25 and 26. The Maple Leaf Forever

DOWN

2. O Canada
3. Ill-suited
4. Ice cold
5. Napes
6. Amnesty
7. Managers
8. Bore
14. Old cheese
15. Eyeballs
17. Inflate
18. Ridotto
19. Embrace
21. Olly
22. Staff

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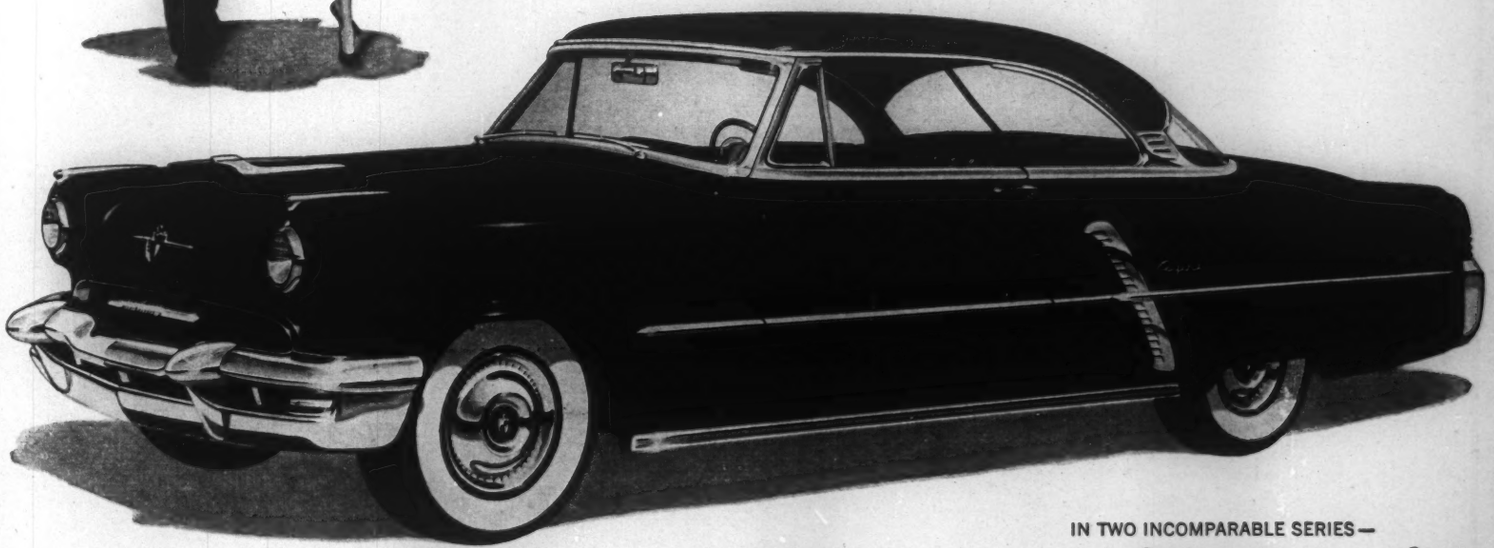

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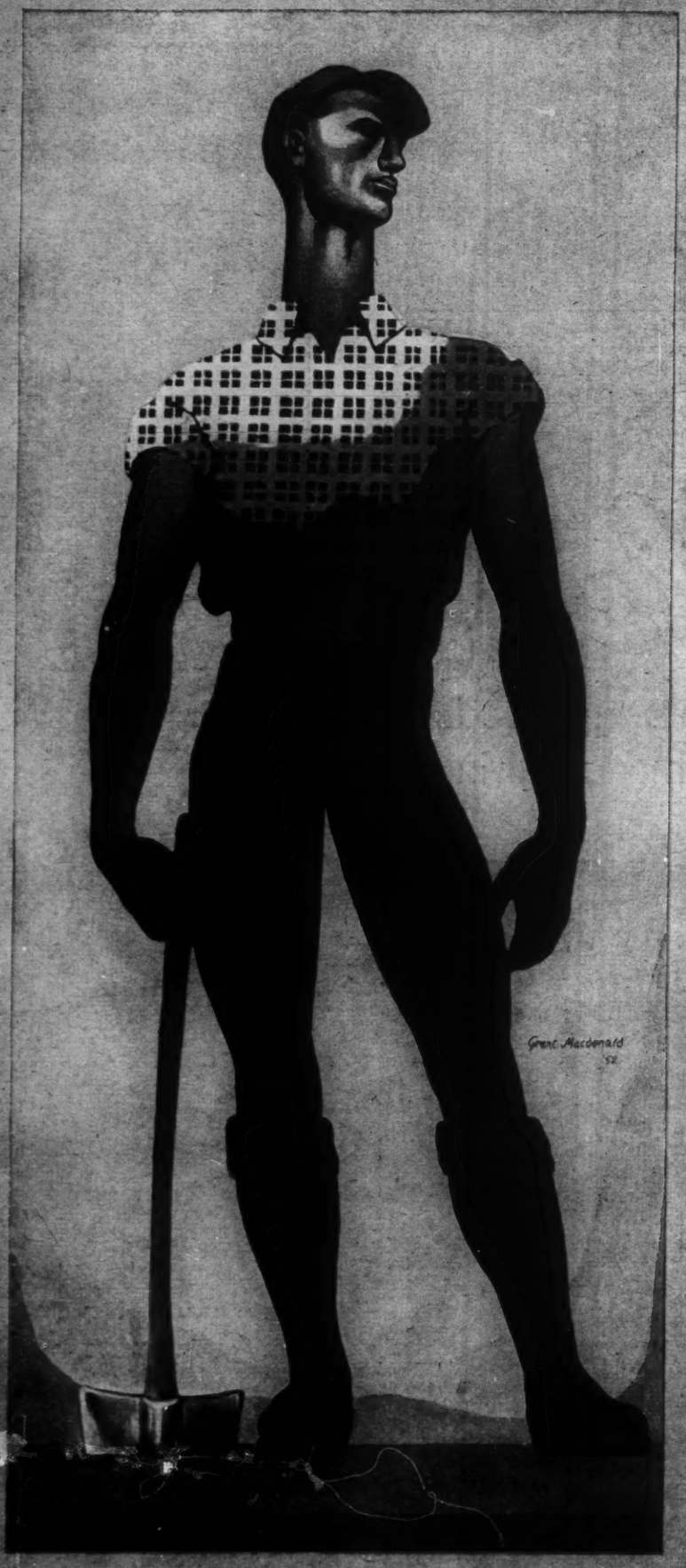

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